

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WILL HE BE OUR ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

Two years ago Ramsay MacDonald slept in Abraham Lincoln's bed. Will he now be our Abraham Lincoln?

O STATESMEN, guard us, guard
the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble Eng-
land whole,
And save the one true seed of
freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their
ancient throne.

It is not to be thought of that this
nation will have taken the wrong
turning before the next C.N. appears.
We believe our people are wiser than
their leaders and that something great
will happen.

Those who love this country more
than all, this cradle of freedom, mother
of peace, and home of every noble cause
beneath the Sun, must have been
saddened by what has happened in these
days. We have been much too busy
quarrelling among ourselves. The unity
that is in the hearts of our people, if
only they were greatly led, has been
forgotten. Too many have been willing
to forget that the nation has stood in
grave danger, or have been unwilling
to believe that there is any crisis at all,
seeing our parties at sixes and sevens
about small things, or selfish things, or
all the petty party purposes which are
well enough in ordinary times but should
now be put away.

In the Wilderness

The C.N. believes that the vast
majority of people in the nation are
wiser than their party politicians and
wiser than their leaders, but it believes
that in these difficult days one man has
the goodwill and affection of the whole
nation behind him. It believes that in
some miraculous way our Prime Minister
has come to stand as the typical English-
man in this hour, to take his place as
the foremost man in the nation and in
Europe in this great crisis of the world.

Mr Ramsay MacDonald has twice been
in the wilderness. He was in the
wilderness during the Great War, when
those who now acclaim him would have
destroyed him. He was in the wilder-
ness not many weeks ago, when he gave
up his party and his old friends to save
his country.

Leader of the Nation

Today he stands the leader of the
nation. We are not bound to believe
all that Mr MacDonald believes, but we
are bound to do what Mr MacDonald
has done—to put all small things aside,
to lay down our arms for this or for that,
to give up for a while many a cherished
dream, and to think of peace in our own
household and goodwill to all men.

The C.N. has no Party, but it has a
great belief and a great hope. It
believes that the nation will acclaim
Mr MacDonald as its leader, and it hopes
that he will prove himself to be our
Abraham Lincoln.

He has already slept in Abraham
Lincoln's bed. Two years ago the
American people hailed him as the



Ramsay MacDonald



Abraham Lincoln

friend of Peace between the English-
speaking peoples, and gave him Lincoln's
bed to sleep in.

Will he now share Abraham Lincoln's
fame and ensure his immortality as the
saviour of his country?

The Prime Minister knows well that
this nation is at its best when it is
pulling together for some great cause.
It does not like this party strife while
the nation is in peril. It does not like
to see the fire brigade quarrelling while
the fire is burning, and it trusts Mr
Ramsay MacDonald because it believes
he will stop all that.

We are a people yet, and we must hold
our own among the nations; but every
wise man knows that we have lived
into a new world, that we are no more
fifty nations fighting one another on
five continents, but 2000 million people
depending on each other for prosperity

and peace. We are in an international
world, and every nation in it depends on
every other nation.

We have no need to be ashamed that
we live by buying and selling one with
another; what we have to do is to
remember that those we buy and sell
with are our friends and not our foes.
Trade must be the great uniter of the
peoples. We want the good things we
make to be welcome everywhere; we
want the markets of the world to be
arranged so that the labour of men is
profitable for all. We want life to be as
comfortable and profitable as possible
for our own people, and trade as friendly
and profitable as possible for all peoples.
We are members one of another.

We believe that this country has
nothing but goodwill for the world and
that our Prime Minister will make it
clearly known. He has the power that

For, saving that, ye help to
save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled
into dust,
And drill the raw world for the
march of mind
Till crowds at length be sane and
crowns be just. Tennyson

Abraham Lincoln had, to strengthen
and unite a nation. What the poor boy
of Kentucky did was, to save the
greatest nation in the world from taking
the wrong turning. He sat in the seat
of George Washington and saw America
at the parting of the ways, and but for
him America would have gone the other
way. He saved her from an infamy
unequalled in the history of the world.

He stands like a mountain peak with
the sunlight full upon him, and no
record that can come to light can shame
him; yet his early life, he used to say,
could all be put into one of the most
famous lines of English poetry: "The
short and simple annals of the poor."

A Great Word in a Great Hour

Mr Ramsay MacDonald can say the
same thing. He sits in the seat of
Oliver Cromwell and can save us from
ourselves. No man knows better than
he how hard life is, how great a struggle
for the poor. No man knows better
than he how complicated politics are,
how much selfishness there is in them.
But no man knows better than he how
our people will respond to a great word
in a great hour, and we beg Mr
MacDonald, on the morrow of the
victory that we believe is now awaiting
him, to speak to our people the great
word that Lincoln spoke to his people:

With malice toward none; with charity for
all; with firmness in the right as God gives us
to see the right, let us strive on to finish the
work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds,
to care for him who shall have borne the battle,
and for his widow and his orphan; to do all
which may achieve and cherish a just and last-
ing peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Then, while he is with us, we shall
acclaim him as our chief of men, and
afterwards, like Abraham Lincoln, he
will belong to the Ages.

O BEAUTIFUL MY COUNTRY

O BEAUTIFUL my country!

Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to cherish
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door.

O BEAUTIFUL my country!

Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem,
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

A GREAT BEAST AND HIS MASTER REMARKABLE SITUATION WITH AN ELEPHANT

Standing Sentinel in Delhi By
His Fallen Mahout

TALE OF THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD

Along the Grand Trunk Road through Delhi a big Indian elephant padded in the dust and the sunshine.

Behind the huge head and flapping ears perched the mahout, saying a gentle word of encouragement now and then to his charge, but at other times nodding a little sleepily in the heat. Both were bound for a Native State.

But this peaceful companionship was suddenly and disastrously interrupted. A noisy tram came clattering down the road. The elephant had never beheld such a strange and fearsome beast. In an access of timidity it shied wildly and violently. The mahout, also taken by surprise, rolled from his seat and came with a crash to the ground.

When the Mahout Fell

He lay there still and stunned. The elephant forgot its fears in the presence of this new cause of dismay. When the mahout fell, almost under the elephant's feet, the elephant's huge foot had been withdrawn only just in time.

Bystanders hurried up in a state of great excitement. The elephant allowed them to tie it to a thin railing and stood looking out of its little eyes at its prostrate master.

But the master did not get up. He lay there unconscious, and the elephant, whose world had crashed when the mahout fell, would not allow anyone to go near him.

The Delhi native is not at his best in such emergencies. There were two hospitals not far away, but no one thought of seeking aid from them. Then a bright idea did occur to someone. Why not try Queen Mary's Girls School?

What the Girl Guide Saw

Queen Mary's Girls School was taking a holiday, and the few occupants left in the building were rather taken aback by an appeal for help for a man said to have been lying unconscious for an hour and a half by the roadside. But a captain of the Girl Guides rose to the occasion, and this is what she saw.

The mahout still lay on the ground. The elephant was still fiercely trumpeting and would allow no one to go near. Two assistant mahouts could do nothing. The Girl Guide very naturally asked why they did not take the man to the hospital. They replied that the elephant would allow no one to go near, and would obey no one.

This deadlock was fortunately interrupted by the stricken mahout himself. He stirred, and half sat up. The elephant allowed the assistants to go near him and help him to an open space off the road. He waved a little stick and feebly murmured a word of command. The elephant followed.

The Earth Shook

Between two large trees in the open space he ordered it to lie down. It obeyed, and suffered itself to be anchored by a leg to each tree.

When this was done the Girl Guide ordered a tonga, a two-wheeled cart, to take the mahout to hospital, and when he was safely laid in it she breathed a sigh of relief at having dealt satisfactorily with a difficult situation.

But the elephant was not satisfied. Bereft of its master, it champed and trumpeted, strained at the chains, and began to uproot the trees. The earth shook. So did the bystanders. They raced off to bring the tonga back.

Back it came. Someone found a charpai, or string bed, and by the mah-

TEN MILLION IDLE MEN The Facts About Two Countries

There are today about 4,400,000 unemployed in Germany, while in America there are at least 6,000,000.

These two countries, one in the New World and the other in the Old, both with natural resources of a wealth incomparable with that of our small islands, both with high tariff walls sheltering their industries, have as many unemployed as we have.

It is a truly remarkable thing, which all thinking people may well reflect upon in these difficult times. Clearly there is no one cure for all our ills.

THE PEACE BOARD Scores Last Month

Ireland and Greece accepted the General Act for arbitration in all disputes.

The League Assembly sent out a call to all Governments to cease from any increase in armaments and an appeal to all people who care for peace to exert all their efforts for the success of the Disarmament Conference.

A petition for disarmament was signed by almost a third of the whole population of Holland.

French people belonging to the Society For the Rights of Man presented a petition for disarmament to the president of the League Assembly.

The Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of France were received in Berlin.

The French Prime Minister is invited to visit Washington.

Mexico entered the League of Nations. Mr Gandhi made friends with mill-workers in Lancashire.

The dictatorship in Yugo-Slavia was replaced by a Government.

The League took steps which will lead to better prison administration.

America, Russia, and some other States took part in the work of the League Assembly for the first time.

MANCHURIA

The League Steps In Again

The League has been compelled to return to the consideration of the conflict between China and Japan after everybody thought its mediation had proved successful.

The new difficulties arose from the apparent lack of control of its army by the Japanese Government at Tokyo. There was also grave doubt about the ability of the Chinese Government at Nanking to control its nationals.

The President of the Council of the League instructed the Spanish Consul-General to set out from Shanghai and examine the state of affairs in Manchuria, while both England and America sent official representatives to report on the situation.

It is earnestly to be hoped that lasting peace will result from the League's new efforts.

Continued from the previous column

out's directions he was laid on it by the side of the elephant. It was the right friend to stand sentinel over its master. For ten days it did so, allowing no one to come near except the doctor.

The Delhi people say that all this time the elephant neither ate nor drank. That is perhaps an over-statement, but one who tells this story is certain that it wept, for she saw it do so. Great tears trickled down its face.

The last act in this little drama shows us the mahout recovered and allowed by the doctor to leave Delhi, with the caution that he must be taken in a tonga.

And behind the one-horse vehicle, meekly following and obeying each word of command, padded the faithful elephant along the dusty Grand Trunk Road.

OLD SAM IS SAFE Strange Story of a Veteran

THE BITTER INGRATITUDE OF MEN TO A HORSE

All's well that ends well. Old Sam, the war horse, is to end his days in peace.

But if, in the comfort of the stable at Pwllheli, he could understand what a narrow shave he had had of being sold to Belgium for slaughter, he might give a neigh of protest at men's ingratitude.

When he came back from doing his bit in a war that was none of his business the corporation of Pwllheli, in a hot burst of enthusiasm, bought the injured warrior for £47. He was a worthy memento of the Great War.

The hot fit passed, and was succeeded recently by a cold fit of economy in which the Town Council, in the face of the merciful recommendation of its sanitary committee that the old horse should be pensioned off and cared for, decided to sell him to Belgium for £4.

A Storm of Protest

They would thus save the money for his keep and make £4 into the bargain. The fact that Old Sam was lame, and would probably be worked while he could stand before being led to the slaughter, did not weigh with them against this tempting offer.

But the people of Pwllheli, more merciful than their Council, raised a storm of protest, and when the news was noised abroad letters from everywhere poured in on the Mayor. Mr R. B. Cunningham Grahame sent a subscription to the fund which the townspeople were raising, remarking with grim irony that at the present rate of exchange £4 seemed to be the equivalent of the thirty pieces of silver obtained at another historic sale. The Duchess of Portland offered Sam a home.

Finally the Mayor, in whose absence the Council had reached their decision, took the matter in hand, and Sam will end his days in the land that bred him.

Yet, while all ends well, we cannot but marvel that such an act of cruel ingratitude should have been meditated, and reflect how necessary it is in this world to be vigilant in well-doing.

A CURSE FROM COLORADO

The Potato Beetle

Once again the Colorado Beetle has thrust itself into the potato's eye.

It has crossed the Atlantic, in spite of all attempts to discourage it as a stowaway, and settled itself as the most undesirable of aliens in the potato fields of France.

There it is multiplying and edging its way toward the Channel ports with the prospect, if not the intention, of travelling over to inspect the British potato crop. Passport regulations mean nothing in the Colorado Beetle's young life. It is causing our Ministry of Agriculture the gravest anxiety. Our potato crop, already upset by the wet summer, simply cannot bear the coming of this unwelcome beetle.

Steps are accordingly being taken to bar its path.

No French potato is to be admitted to England lest it should bring the beetle with it. Living plants or nursery stock grown in France within 125 miles of fields where the Colorado Beetle has shown its head are to be excluded.

Unfortunately as this is for the French potato growers, the decree will please our farmers by helping the housewife to buy British.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Babirussa	Bab-e-roos-sah
Gallienus	Galli-ee-nus
Mesarthim	Meh-sar-tim
Yenisei	Yen-e-say-c

GOING STRONG The League and the World

BUSY MONTH OF EVENTS AT GENEVA

By Our League Correspondent

After a short lull in League activities following the close of the Assembly the committees began again in full force.

Nine of them are listed for this month, as well as the Governing Body of the I.L.O., which meets to consider such Assembly decisions as affect its work.

One of these decisions was to go ahead with the proposal for setting on foot far-reaching schemes of public works as a remedy for unemployment. The suggestions, which first came from the I.L.O., have been described in the C.N. One of the most thrilling is for a network of great international roadways to be spread across Europe, connecting the capital cities and disregarding frontiers.

A committee of inquiry met in the middle of the month to find out how far these schemes may be put into practice, and while this was happening in one room of the Secretariat the fate of our calendar of years, months, weeks, and days was being decided in another.

Problems of Calendar Reform

This reform of the calendar is being urged by some circles and opposed by others. C.N. readers already know what changes are proposed and how certain societies in various countries have been working to get strong public support for them. Whether we are to go on as we are, or to have every month with an equal number of days, with a few left over at the end for extra holidays, or some other new arrangement which we shall get used to as easily as we did to Summer Time, we must wait and see. It is, of course, a world conference, composed of representatives of States, of the chief religious bodies, of business associations, and so on. It would be a mistake to imagine that such a question as reforming the calendar could be decided by the League officials of the Secretariat in Geneva.

While these meetings are taking place in Geneva the Health Committee is sitting in Paris, and on its programme is the report of its committee of experts on methods and possibilities of keeping free from scarlatina and diphtheria.

The Drug Smugglers

Early in October certain League officials left for Siam, where a conference on opium-smoking is shortly to be held in Bangkok, while the permanent Opium Board for controlling drug smuggling holds its meeting in Geneva this month. The Mandates Commission is now to meet, and the destiny of Iraq as an independent State will probably be decided and conditions in other mandated areas will be reviewed. The remaining four of the nine October meetings deal with economic subjects, one of them of particular interest to us being the committee of coal experts, which will study international coal production and trade and the means of improving it.

THINGS SAID

I never heard an ignoble word pass my husband's lips. Lady Conan Doyle

Never mind about the past; let us look to the future. Mr Arthur Henderson

Idle riches are a greater danger than idle rich. Dr F. J. W. Folliot

Civilisation cannot survive a break with Christianity. Bishop of Durham

What the nations need is a Peter the Hermit to teach them to behave decently to one another. Mr Hartley Withers

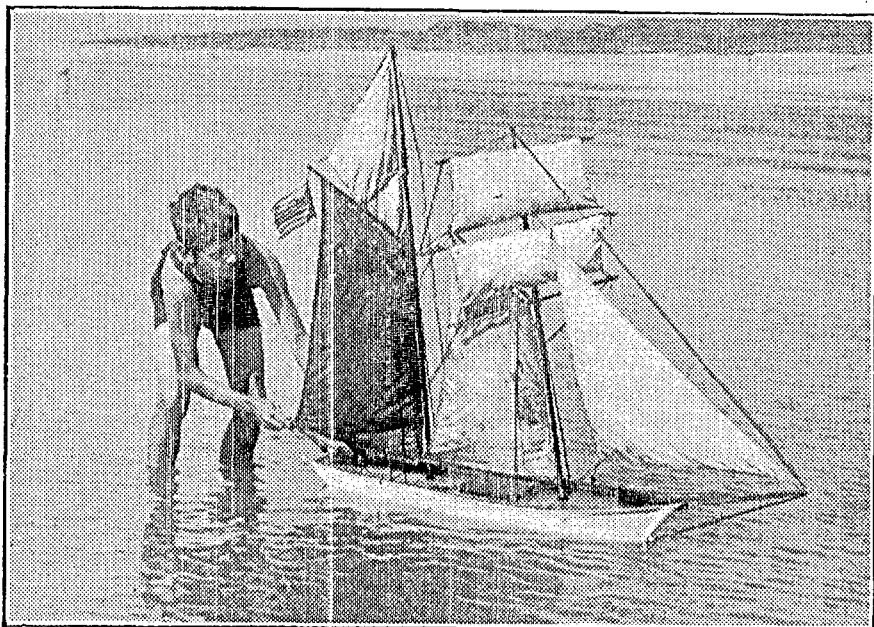
The dominant factor in the world crisis is that the world is riven with enmity and suspicion. Lord Hampton

October 24, 1931

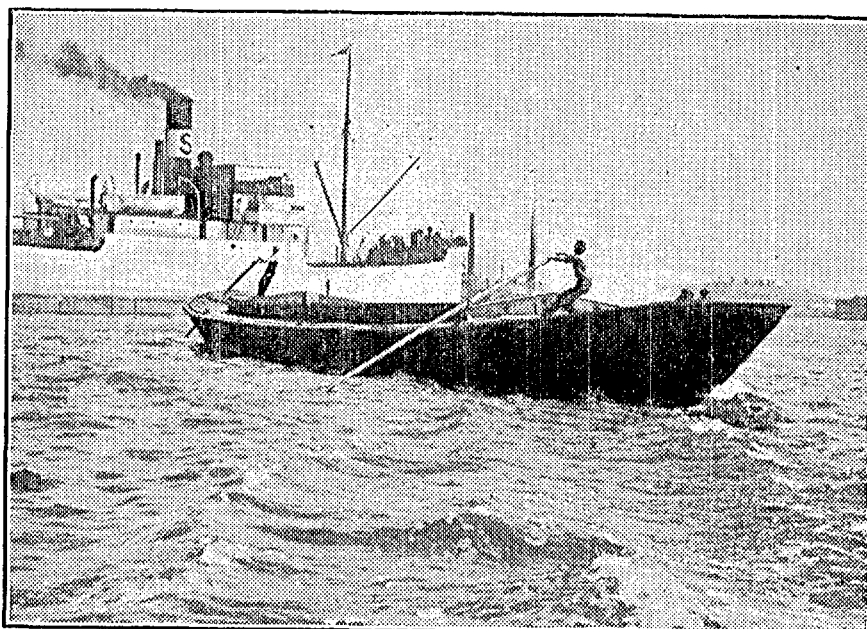
The Children's Newspaper

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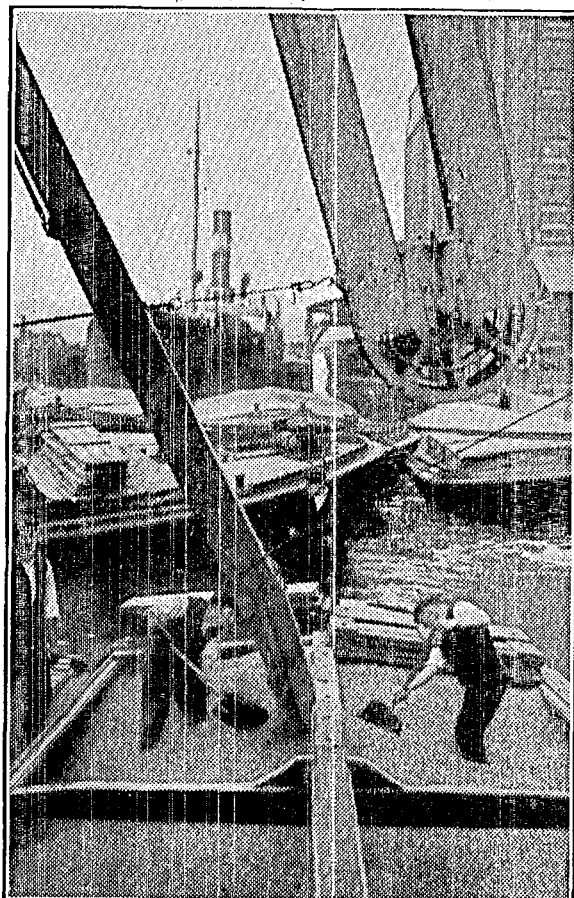
A FRIENDLY FOX • FOOTBALL ON SKATES • BABY YAK'S NEW MOTHER



The Young Mariner—What boy could not play all day with this splendid model of a schooner? Its young owner finds that a bathing costume is the best wear for this pastime.



Thames Workers—Londoners often pause to admire the skill of the Thames lightermen, who with long sweeps steer their clumsy-looking craft as they drift down the river on the tide.



Grain From Churchill—Canada's new port of Churchill on Hudson Bay brings the prairie provinces 600 miles closer to London. Here men are seen unloading grain from the Farnworth, the first grain ship to use the new route.



A Friendly Fox—London Zoo possesses three Fennec foxes from North Africa, charming little creatures that are easily tamed and make excellent pets. This young visitor to the Zoo was very proud to be able to hold one of the foxes.



Fallen Leaves—The coming of Autumn makes a good deal of work in London's parks and tree-lined thoroughfares, for the fallen leaves on the paths must be quickly gathered up and carted away. Here we see one of the busy sweepers.



Skating Footballers—Skating is a splendid pastime and so is football. These boys of Smeed Road L.C.C. School at Old Ford find that a combination of the two is more exciting still.



The Foster Mother—The wild horse in this picture, taken at the Whipnade Zoo, has appointed herself guardian to a baby yak, although the little one is not an orphan.

GIANTS AND MIDGETS AT OLYMPIA

THE MOTOR SHOW

A Car For Four Grown-ups For
Less Than Ninety Pounds

THE HEAVY-OIL ENGINE

The eyes of the motoring world have been on Olympia, where the 25th Motor Show is being held.

In this year of acute trade depression our motoring industry has prospered like few others. Judging by the exhibits at Olympia, where, of course, the models shown are for 1932, the manufacturers are doing all in their power to ensure a similar success for next year. Economical motoring seems to be the keynote.

Better Value Than Ever

As each Motor Show has come it has in the past few years been accompanied by announcements of sweeping price reductions. This year these announcements are fewer than usual, but it is obvious to all that vast improvements in chassis, bodywork, and equipment make the cars better value than ever. By the skill of the designer there are now obtainable baby cars which, in size, are similar to the family cars of yesterday, with comfortable saloon bodies for four-grown-ups. And there is a new baby four-seater at only £89.

At the other end of the scale is the Rolls-Royce, reduced in price in the case of the highest grade by £100 and in the case of the cheaper model by £135.

The vast majority of the cars at Olympia are saloon models, and sliding roofs are becoming more popular than ever. Manufacturers claim this year to have given attention to one of the motorist's chief complaints, that of the rattling noises so often set up by all-metal bodies and fittings. By the use of rubber insulating pads much has been done toward producing the silent car.

Safety-Glass

The lot of the driver is lightened by making essential parts of the cars easier of access, and methods of lubrication have been improved. Also untamishable steel and rust-proof fittings are in more general use. Safety-glass is now considered by most manufacturers to be a standard fitting, although in many cheaper cars that applies only to the front screen. There should be no ordinary glass on any part of a motor-car in these days.

Another improvement claimed by many firms is a more efficient mudguard. When shall we have really efficient mudguards that will save pedestrians from being splashed? They are long overdue.

Many boys pride themselves on their knowledge of radiators, and they will be seeing several changed designs on the roads before long. The stream-lined bodies now so popular have made this change necessary in many cases. In fact, many of the cheap cars of today compare in beauty of line with the luxury cars of yesterday.

Accessories and Gadgets

Apart from the cars the motorist will find much to interest him on nearly 300 stands crammed with all kinds of accessories and gadgets, from thief-proof locks to fire-fighting appliances.

Mention of fire reminds us that so far as cars are concerned little has yet been done in the perfection of the heavy-oil engine. Fire is an ever-present risk with the petrol motor, but the Diesel type of engine eliminates the danger.

In the section devoted to river and sea craft it is most noticeable that this type of engine is making great headway in motor-boats. The extra weight of the Diesel type engine matters less at sea than on land. It has been widely experimented with for motor-buses, and it cannot be long before improvements in design will make the heavy-oil engine available for cars.

ROUNDING-UP THE SNEAKS

LISTENING IN FOR NOTHING

G.P.O.'s Great Hunt For Those
Who Rob the Country

THOUSANDS COMING IN

We have considered from time to time who are the meanest people: the sandwich man who carries his board upside down when off duty, the thief who robs a blind man, or the motorist who runs away from a hospital without paying his bill.

Should we not reckon among them the wireless listener who sneaks off without paying for his licence?

Now he is being rounded up. Thousands, tens of thousands, of people are now paying for wireless licences who never paid before.

That is not because they have become more enterprising, or more honest, but because they are afraid of being found out. They have been listening-in without paying for it, and have been swindling their countrymen out of ten shillings a year.

A Thunderbolt

That is the price of a wireless licence, which is surely the cheapest ticket of admittance to the wonder of our age that has ever been known. Anyone who can afford to buy a wireless set can afford to pay it.

There are thousands who have sneaked out of paying. On these conscienceless people fell a thunderbolt. The science which made the wireless has at its command a machine which can detect the presence and the whereabouts of those who are using wireless sets.

The detective instrument has been sent round the highways and streets where wireless sets abound to identify all the listeners, both those who have paid and those who have not. If any are found defaulting they will hear something not to their advantage.

In other words, they will be summoned and fined for their fraud.

The mere threat of detection has made the Post Office busy. Hundreds of people have been hurrying to take out wireless licences. Postmasters have had to apply for new books of forms.

Five Thousand Convictions

There is no need to ask why. Thousands of the applicants are paying up what they owe, or part of what they owe, in order to avoid exposure and the payment of a good deal more. They are aware that the Post Office detective machine means business, because 5000 convictions for failure to have licences have already been recorded.

The figure of 5000 convictions, such as have been obtained only on overwhelming evidence, is an indication that there are many thousands of other swindlers who have escaped detection.

It is as shabby a form of fraud as can be imagined. It is on a very low level indeed. It is robbing the country which, in a time of great hardship, offers a wonderful privilege for almost nothing.

TWO MEN AND 17 KINGS

Kingfishers are among the loveliest of British birds.

To kill a kingfisher at a time when it is rearing its young is to be liable to a fine of £1.

In 1904 an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding absolutely the use of the pole-trap, which breaks a bird's legs.

At Llangollen this autumn two men were convicted of having trapped 17 kingfishers in the close season. Ten pole-traps were set round their ponds.

Instead of being fined £17 they were fined 5s each on four charges.

It would appear to be cheap to break the law at Llangollen.

52 MEN WHO FOUND SOMETHING TO DO

RUNNING AN ISLAND

A Comedy of Life That Became
Splendid and Serious

OTHER MEN PLEASE COPY

Cannon Island's history is only five years old.

Previous to that time it was nothing but 33 square miles of barren South African land in the middle of the Orange River, inhabited only by goats and snakes. But it is estimated that it will soon yield £100,000 worth of agricultural produce, and this remarkable change has come about in no ordinary way.

All applications for settlement on Cannon Island were consistently refused. At length 52 men, English and Dutch, decided to settle on the island and see what would happen. They were busy making a canal when a policeman arrived and told them they must leave. To please him they left, but as soon as he was gone they returned and went on digging the canal.

Then a second policeman arrived. By this time the canal was well under way, and the settlers felt rather annoyed at these constant interruptions of what they considered their important work. They presented the policeman with a spade and took steps to see that he put it to good use until sunset.

Hard Work Wins Through

This outrageous conduct on the part of the squatters brought a visit from the Minister of Lands. He came with the fixed intention of seeing that the island was vacated and left to its original state of desolation. But when he saw with his own eyes what was going on he changed his mind. He found scores of prosperous little farms and an effective though primitive system of irrigation which spoke of devotion and hard work. He decided that the squatters had earned the right to remain.

This official approval gave the men a feeling of permanence they had never had before, so they bought wood and iron and built themselves the largest bridge across the Orange River.

It all seems very sensible, and we can only wish that some of our idle men would find some work like this to do. It is waiting all over the country, where men are paid from public funds and are doing nothing.

SOMETHING LIKE A VALVE

A New Wireless Wonder

A new wireless valve made by the Metropolitan-Vickers Company weighs over a ton. It is not intended for portable sets, but for the Post Office station at Rugby, where it will replace fifty ordinary valves.

Many novel principles are introduced into this monster, which is ten feet high.

The usual type of transmitting valve is unsatisfactory in several ways. The vacuum decreases because a certain amount of gas is formed by the operation of the valve. Repairs are difficult or impossible because the anodes are sealed up in the glass bulb. Its life is relatively short and the power at which it can work is limited.

The new valve overcomes all these handicaps. It is made of steel, porcelain, and copper, no glass being used, and the vacuum is maintained by the constant action of special pumps. Hydraulic jacks are built round the valve so that when repairs are necessary it can be dismantled in a few minutes and new parts inserted.

When this remarkable valve is working it is cooled by forty gallons of water a minute.

100,000 WORDS THEIR STORY AND THEIR MEANING

New Dictionary of the English
Language

A FASCINATING BOOK

There are many people who, if taken to a bookshop to choose an interesting book, would never think of a dictionary.

Yet a good dictionary is a book of absorbing interest. Its words are the raw material of the poet and the essayist, the preacher and the orator. One man by his pen and another by his voice can stir the crowd to high thoughts and noble deeds. Yet how few of those who read or listen ever realise what an art there is in choosing the right words.

Think for a moment what words mean to us. But for words we should know very little of what other people are thinking, and could convey to them scarcely any of our thoughts or needs. A few signs to represent approval or fear, or threats or commands, would be about the limit of our communications with our fellows. But by words we can convey to others exactly what is in our minds.

A Scholarly Work

Words are very much like people. They have ancestors and pedigrees. The pedigrees of words, the channels through which they have come into our language, form a subject of absorbing interest.

It is this that makes a really good dictionary a fascinating book to read as well as a work of reference. The most up-to-date dictionary of the English language is just being published in parts at sixpence a week. It is the Universal English Dictionary, and is edited by Mr. Henry Cecil Wyld, the Merton Professor of English at Oxford, while the fact that the managing editor is Mr. J. A. Ham-merton, whose Universal Encyclopedia is famous as the best up-to-date encyclopedia in the world, is a guarantee that it is a scholarly work well produced.

Right Up to Date

The English language grows so rapidly in these days that a dictionary a few years old is hopelessly behind the times. Here is a dictionary right up to date, including new words of 1931, all the terms that have to do with wireless and the films, with aircraft, and with the many sciences whose vocabularies increase by leaps and bounds as the days go by.

The derivations in the Universal English Dictionary, in other words the life histories of the words, are traced; and many of them are full of romance. This dictionary is a veritable fairland of words. Who, for instance, would dream that there was any connection between Acoustic, the word connected with sound and hearing, and Custody? Yet the words are close relations, for Custody has in it the idea of listening, and to be in custody is to be where one can be heard or overheard.

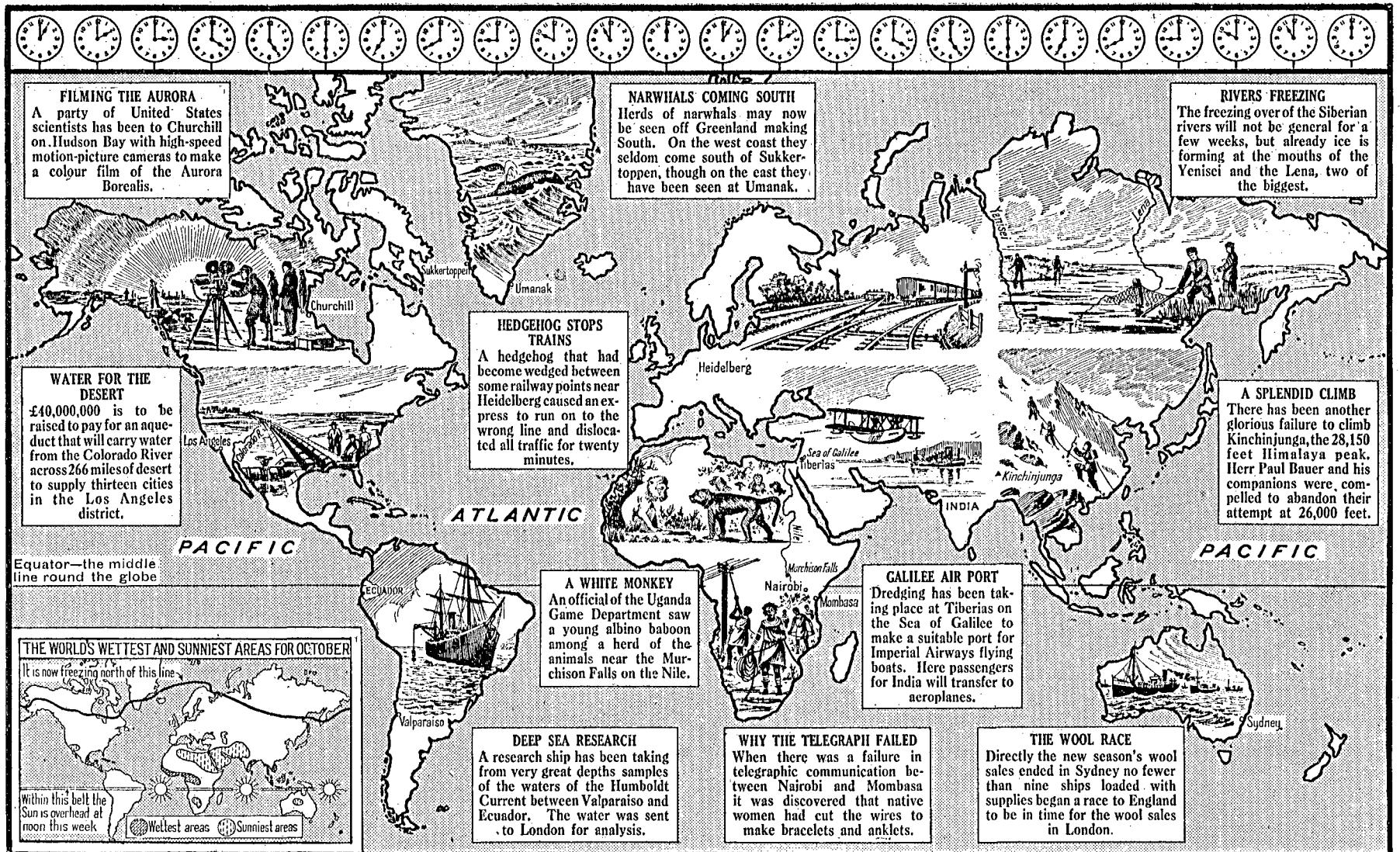
Where Akimbo Comes From

One or two other interesting examples come to us as we look at this great dictionary. An Acrobat is really a man who walks on tiptoe. Who would think that the word Akimbo comes to us from Iceland? It is believed to represent an Icelandic word which means "bent in a crook."

So we might go on culling gems of interest from every page of this dictionary. All the meanings are given, of course, together with the derivations and the pronunciations, and when complete the dictionary will contain the stories of nearly 100,000 of our words.

It is to be completed in 52 sixpenny parts, so that in a year's time those who take the parts now will have the latest English dictionary in the world. The first two numbers are ready, and an order should be placed at once with a newsagent or a bookstall.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE SENTRIES Still Life in Whitehall

We have often wondered what a sentry would do if something happened. The other morning something did happen: there was what is sometimes called a scene in Whitehall.

Bystanders, policemen, people at the windows round about, all roused themselves at the commotion. A car had crashed into a van drawn by a nervous horse. The cargo of the van was scattered over the road. The horse was trying his best to bolt, and would have done so if the ever-ready policeman had not rushed up in time. The motorist was engaged in furious argument with the driver of the van. The crowd increased, passengers on buses craned their necks to see, and excitement reigned everywhere—in every place save one.

That place was the gate of the Horse Guards, outside which the accident occurred. The two mounted sentries, who might almost have touched the colliding vehicles with their outstretched swords, never moved a muscle. Like statues they sat on their horses, and like statues the horses maintained their motionless pose within their sentry-boxes. For all these two automatic men and their horses showed, there might have been no commotion going on at all.

A ROMAN CHARIOT

Great news comes from Pompeii. A magnificent Roman chariot has been unearthed there.

Professor Maiuru, who discovered it, says it is in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to be the first complete Roman chariot ever seen by the modern world, though paintings have shown us what it was like.

When cleaned we shall know how it looked 1852 years ago, as it rolled briskly along the streets behind handsome young horses, just before the volcano extinguished all that gay, busy town in a flood of lava and ashes.

THE STOLEN PROPHECY But It is Coming True

An autograph document of Victor Hugo has been stolen from beneath its glass on the work-table in the room where the great author died. The reasons surrounding the theft are exciting much speculation in Paris.

Victor Hugo's signature in itself has a low market value; he signed his name too often and he died too recently. An entire letter in Hugo's own hand recently brought only three guineas. The person who went to the trouble of spiriting this bit of paper away from its proper place in the Victor Hugo Museum must have had some other motive than a mere desire for gain.

The curator of the Museum, M. Raymond Escholier, hazards the guess that the thief wanted it less for the autograph than for the strangely prophetic idea in the few lines penned above it.

Victor Hugo had the habit of scratching down ideas as they came to him on any scrap of paper that happened to be at hand. He left thousands of these ideas written on the margins of newspapers or the backs of old envelopes.

The scrap of paper in question is one of these which was found at his house in Guernsey. M. Escholier thinks the person who wanted it so badly must be a warm supporter of the League of Nations. A man with such wide interests can be no common thief, he believes, and he thinks it more than likely that he will come to his senses in the matter and return the document by post. Here are the words which were taken, which we repeat in the C.N. with great pleasure:

I belong to a party which does not exist, the party of Revolution and Civilisation. It is this party which will be the making of the Twentieth Century; it will cause it to bring forth the United States of Europe and the peace of the world.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

TWO EXPLORERS A Boy Meets His Hero

Two explorers met the other day in Aklavik, one of the most north-western corners of Canada.

One had his head inside his aeroplane engine.

"Anything wrong?" asked the other. "Not that I know of, but I want to make sure," replied the airman. Thereupon they shook hands and parted.

Not a very exciting encounter, we might think, and yet to one of these explorers it was the most thrilling of meetings, for he was Hartley de Gerald, a young American boy, whose father encourages him to explore little-known parts of the world by himself, and the airman whose hand he had just shaken was no other than Lindbergh, the hero of all young Americans.

Hartley thinks Lindbergh must have enjoyed being in this place immensely, for the Eskimos treated him as they would anyone else, and for once there was no crowd of excited people making a fuss over him.

SOMETHING TURNS UP AT LAST

Sometimes the right man does succeed in getting the prize.

An unemployed man tramping in search of work through the streets of North Shields saw something flash in the gutter.

It was a diamond ring so handsome that he feared it must be a sham, but he took it to the police-station, where he was given a warm welcome as well as a large reward.

Thirteen officials had been searching for the ring. They were men with fixed wages and a certain future. Fate kept the ring for the man who was down on his luck.

A Boys Brigade battalion in Glasgow has sent £4 to help form a junior team in Latvia.

A HAT FULL OF HAPPINESS London's Fairy Godfather

Somewhere in ever-growing London is a little court with a romantic name savouring of Old England.

Romance still clings to it, and London children will remember this court to the end of their lives. Here every Friday, at a certain hour, Mr J. Holloway appears like a fairy godfather with a hat full of pennies. He gives two to each child waiting, and the more children there are the happier it makes him.

Nearly sixty children, most of them under twelve, were seen outside his office one Friday lately, and they were told there was no need to push. There were plenty of pennies for all.

Then Mr Holloway, a genial, burly-faced man, came outside, and a seven-year-old boy said to his little sister: "There you are, I told you he would come," for the child had not been sure if such lovely things really happened. Now she knew that the story of the man who gave away pennies was not make-believe.

Off rushed the boys and girls as soon as the money was distributed to the nearest sweetshop, and here many of the pennies were exchanged for sherbet, liquorice sticks, and all the things specially liked by children.

The more the merrier is the motto of Mr Holloway, who was heard to say that he did not mind how many children came. He asks no questions about them, but all the same the wages, as he calls the pennies, are supposed to be only for children who live in the neighbourhood.

Mr Holloway is one of those grown-ups who have never forgotten the joys of childhood. He remembers what a few coppers meant to him when he was a boy. So fifty-two times a year he fills up his hat and distributes happiness in the shape of brown pennies.

An old lady in the Transvaal who was born a slave has just kept her 111th birthday.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 24 1931

Let Us Now Praise
A Famous Man

THAT was a pathetic moment in the last hour of the old Parliament when the frail figure of Philip Snowden sat alone in a deserted House of Commons waiting for the rest of the House to return from the Lords. It was Mr Snowden's last hour in the Commons.

It is one of the saddest tragedies of the election nobody wanted that it robs us of Mr Snowden. For thirty years he has been a great fighter. He fought for the poor. He has been the friend of what we call the under-dog. He gave the Labour Party one of its finest brains. Those who feared Labour were afraid of him.

Today his countrymen have found him out, found him a lover of peace, a friend of all mankind, and an English patriot. He is the one man in our time who has dared to tell the plain truth to the Continent of Europe and to his own people. He has not been afraid to demand justice for his own country from abroad; he has not been afraid to demand loyalty to it at home.

Long before his own people would listen, while many were yet scoffing and doubting, he warned us what would come; it has come, and it will be written on the page of history that his last words in the House of Commons were a solemn warning that unless we heed the writing on the wall we shall soon reach the rapids.

We have had many splendid men in Parliament, but none truer to himself. We have had many great Chancellors, but none with so great a burden. He leaves the great fighting arena with eternal honour to his name. Though all men else their nobler dreams forget, he will remember his, and it will be his glory that he helped to bring them true.

He has made his name famous and respected in England and the world. He has made it impossible that history should forget it. These things all men know, but not all men know that in these great days of his, when he has stood high in the counsels of the nation, often facing bitter foes, Philip Snowden has been a man in pain. Of him it will be remembered that literally he suffered for his country, that he gave his strength for England, and that in his last days in the great arena of the nation he sacrificed all party spirit, all smaller things, for his country in distress.

He came into Parliament as a party man. He leaves it as a patriot. Well may we, who know no party here, say to him, as Tennyson said to Wellington, *Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Thank You, Scots Guards

IN order to save the public pocket the men of the Second Battalion Scots Guards asked if they might march from Aldershot to their new quarters at Windsor instead of going by train.

The War Office accepted with gratitude on behalf of Mr Taxpayer. It is a tramp of 20 miles.

By Tube To the Dark Ages

AN astonishing fact has been brought to light through the death of Sir Thomas Lipton and the consequent speculation about the fate of his estate at Osidge.

The lord of the manor of Osidge is responsible for supplying faggots for the burning of heretics.

You can get to Osidge by Tube, yet it takes you back to the Dark Ages.

The Pound and the Mark

THE adventures of the Pound are interesting us all; up and down it goes. But it is nothing to the adventures of the mark in Germany a few years ago.

When we ask what it is that steadiness and goodwill will save us from let us remember that when the mark fell down it fell so low that one English Pound would have given 500 German pounds to every man, woman, and child in the world.

It is something to remember when we are threatened by extremists on both sides with reversals of the sound and steady policies that have made this country the envy of the world.

This is How It Seems to Peter Puck

ONE reason why England is so poor that she must borrow from France is that France is too poor to pay what she owes to England.

They Were All Wrong

THINGS have been bad before and have come right.

It was Pitt who said: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

It was Wilberforce 100 years ago who said: "I dare not marry; the future is so dark and unsettled."

It was Lord Grey in 1819 who believed everything was tending to a convulsion.

It was Wellington who, on the eve of his death, thanked God he would be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin gathering everywhere.

It was Disraeli who 80 years ago said that in industry, commerce, and agriculture there was no hope.

It was the good Lord Shaftesbury who in 1848 said that nothing could save the British Empire.

It was Queen Victoria who thought Liberalism the end of all things.

They were all wrong.

Philip Snowden

Remember all
He spoke among you, and the man
who spoke,
Who never sold the truth to serve the
hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for
power;
Whose life was work, whose language
rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life.
Tennyson on Wellington

The Recipe

A cure for the shy
I offer you, brothers:
Forget about I
And think about others.

Tip-Cat

IT seems that every time the world gets
down to brass tacks they are the
wrong way up.

THE Universe is breaking up, we read.
We felt sure something was wrong.

BOYS like clothes with no buttons.
They hook on to them.

A BUSINESS man says business is not a
fairy tale. It sounds like one when

shopkeepers start
praising their
goods.

NEWSPAPER head-
ing: "Scientist
peers inside the
atom." Very small
peers, surely.

OUR pessimist
cannot see how
it will be possible
to finance a new
war unless we have
some allowance for
the old one.

OCTOBER is said
to be a lovely
month for walkers.

We thought they preferred March.

THE muffin woman has appeared at St
John's Wood. A real muffin belle.

THERE can never be another war, for
the world could never survive
another Peace.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ALL Sir Thomas Lipton's fortune,
about a million pounds, is left
to charity.

THE Sultan of Johore has given
£5000 to the National Exchequer.

NEW ZEALAND's Governor-General has
given up 20 per cent of his salary.

A TEACHER has written to the Board
of Education giving up £21 a
year of her pension.

JUST AN IDEA

A man was asked how he knew that
God exists; to which he answered: *Is
a candle needed to show us the sunrise?*

It is Not to Be Thought Of

IT is not to be thought of
that this land,
This fortunate child of the
protecting sea,
By Nature gifted with a high
command,
By men endowed with arts and
liberty,
Should barter loveliness and
inward peace
For empty tumult and an
aimless speed;
That all her dear serenity
should cease;
That ugliness should flourish
like a weed.

NOR all, not all for sale—the
cloistered ways,
The wildering hedgerows and
enticing lanes,
The sheltering villages and
homely fanes—
To buy confusion and unquiet
days!
It is unthinkable that this dear
land
Should yield to Ignorance her
high command. L. C. M.
Eighty Years after Wordsworth

The Plane to the Swallows

One of our poets, reading of the aeroplane
which carried the swallows over the Alps, has
imagined that the plane could speak and that
this is what it said to its tiny passengers.

MY little brothers, peace be to
your fearing!
That raging sound about you that
you hear
Is not the storm that musters
fresh for battle,
But my great beating wings that
cleave the air.

FOR man, who had but feet to
walk the Earth with,
Wove dreams of wings until his
dreams came true,
And now, as swallows sweep
across the evening,
He, too, has learned to mount the
heaven's blue.

THROUGHOUT the years, with
hope and faith undaunted,
He fought with fear and doom
and death until
Here I—though brainless, sight-
less, wing far spaces,
A slave to his indomitable will.

AND now, where snowclouds
break across the mountains;
Where bitter blast would thwart
your frailer flight,
Man takes you with him, and
with me, his servant,
Small brother fliers, to the Sun's
sweet light. Marjorie Wilson

On We Go

Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
And pave a path that's onward;
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps today
The rear shall rest tomorrow.

Gerald Massey

THE GREAT HEAPS OF GOLD

HOW THEY GREW UP

The Ruinous Policy of America and France

TWO TARIFF WALLS AGAINST THE WORLD

The value of the amount of gold in the world's banks and treasuries is estimated at about £2200,000,000.

There is more gold than this in the world, it is true, for it exists in the form of ornaments and jewellery and plate which would possibly be worth a few hundred millions more; but only the gold used by the banks matters to credit.

New gold is produced at the rate of about 80 million pounds' worth a year, and new gold does not keep pace with the extraordinary output of other things.

A Consequence of the War

A correspondent asks us to explain how it is that America and France have come into the possession of so much.

It is a direct consequence of the War and the Peace that was made after it.

When America came into the war, early in 1917, she came to the assistance of her European Allies by lending them war goods, and the goods were priced very highly indeed, it being war-time.

When the war was over America demanded repayment of her war loans, and various formal arrangements were made for her to be repaid.

If America had taken goods in payment of the war debts all would have been well. European factories would have hummed, busily turning out goods to pay. *America, having lent goods, would have been repaid in goods.*

But no; America, by the simple method of raising her customs tariff, refused to take goods. The tariff wall was very high before, but it became intolerably high, so that few goods from Europe could get over the tariff wall.

Foods and Raw Materials

Not only so, but America is a great supplier of foods and raw materials to Europe, so that commercial as well as war debts were due to her.

We do not mean that Europe was unable to send any goods at all to America; what happened was, and is, that owing to the high American tariff Europe is unable to balance her account with America without paying in some other way.

The only other ways in which Europe can pay America are either by borrowing from America or by sending gold to America, and these things have actually happened. America greatly extended her investments in Europe and at the same time received enormous quantities of gold.

So the gold piled up in America until she came to have about £1000,000,000 worth. In this way there came about a great shortage of gold in the world, and gold prices fell.

The Case of France

France, having great sums due to her for war reparations, also adopted the policy of keeping out goods as far as possible. That caused a flow of gold into France in payment of the debts to her.

There is no doubt also that France quite deliberately accumulated gold as part of her policy of securing a dominating position in Europe.

This policy has resulted in France possessing at the present time about £500,000,000 of gold, as well as the greatest army in the world, the greatest air force in the world, and the greatest submarine fleet in the world.

France, like America, is feeling the effects of the great trade depression she has helped to make, and we are entitled to hope that before long she will be brought to see that her future cannot

IN THE MORNING OF THE EVENING

INSTEAD of sitting by the fire and bemoaning the infirmities of old age, two youngsters of 72, a South Devon couple who celebrated their golden wedding three years ago, have just finished building themselves a six-roomed bungalow.

Mr and Mrs Torpen have made their new home almost without help. Some stone for building was ready to hand in a field which they bought about six years ago when Mr Torpen retired. He and his wife quarried it themselves.

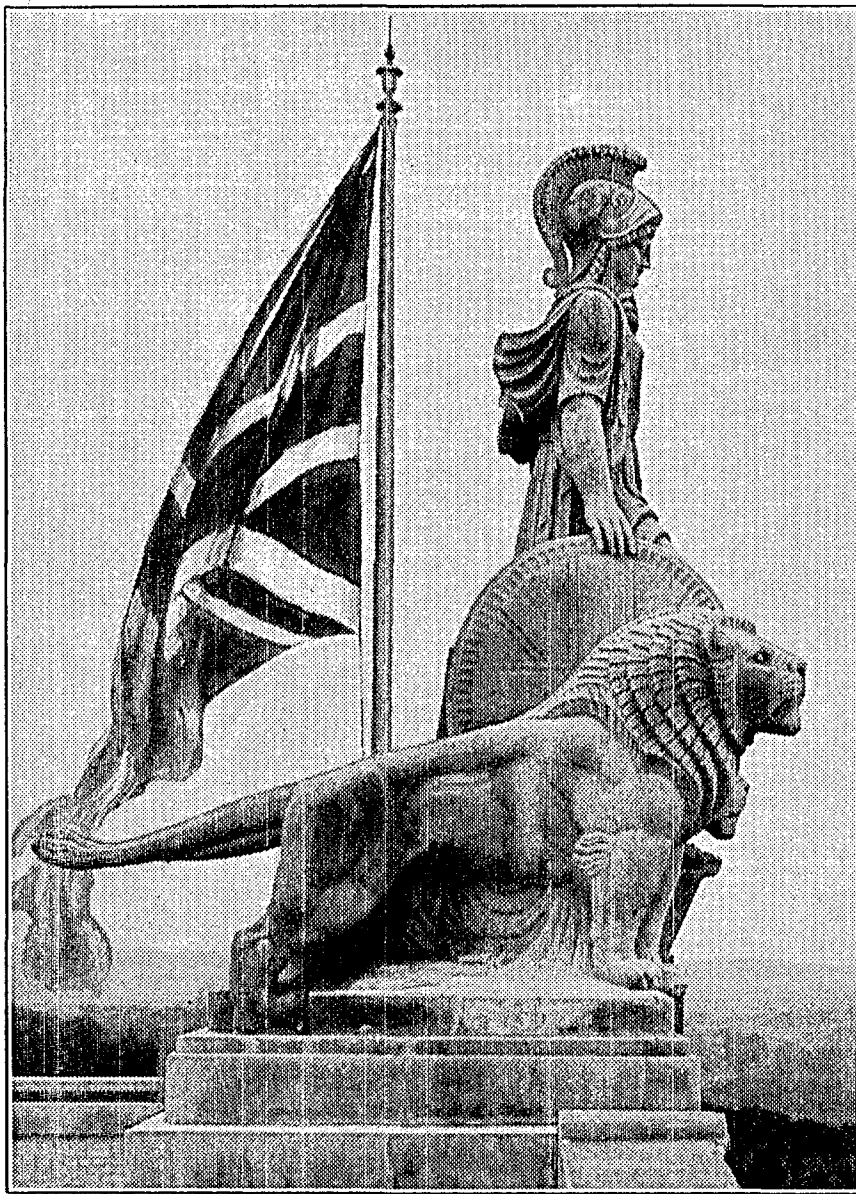
As the bungalow stands on a hill it had to be strongly built to withstand the gales of winter. So Darby and Joan decided that it must be made with concrete blocks. They worked away at the task of crushing the stone in a granulator

operated by an oil engine. Then they cast it into blocks ready for building.

According to Mr Torpen his wife was the chief engineer. Both of them thoroughly enjoyed their none too easy tasks. They had to get in a mason to give a little help and direction, as neither of them knew anything about building until they had started work.

Now they are taking up residence in the new bungalow. They both declare that they feel like a newly-married couple making their first home. As for settling down to spend the evening of their days there, one look at their fresh old faces wrinkled with smiles is enough to tell anyone that they are still enjoying immensely the morning of their days.

BRITANNIA THINKING



Here stands Britannia at the top of the new Parliament House in Belfast, as if wondering what is happening this week in the Old Land.

Continued from the previous column

be secured by a policy which is antagonising her friends.

We are asked how France has become prosperous even while depreciating her currency so that her gold franc is only worth about a fifth of its old value.

What France did by de-valuing the franc was to get rid of a great load of debts. Her national debt largely disappeared, including, of course, the gold debts she had incurred to British investors who had lent her large sums of money. *These unfortunate helpers of France are now paid in depreciated two-penny francs, whereas they expected to get a franc roundly worth tenpence.* They lent France their tenpences and France has paid them back twopences.

Similarly it is open to us to de-value the pound. By printing enough paper money we could make our pound worth, say, 4s. Then, by paying interest on the national debt at the rate of 4s in the

pound, we should rob both British and foreign investors who had lent us money in the expectation of being paid 20s in the pound. As it is quite unnecessary for us to add, the British Government has no intention of doing anything of the kind. It is not our way.

THE REASON WHY

Why do we not get on with the job of finding some solution for this problem of gold?

Mainly because we have not learned to trust any organisation larger than the State. The experts at Geneva have been telling us that this would happen ever since the Genoa Conference in 1922, just as they have long been telling us that we are mutually ruining ourselves by tariff walls.

But we do not listen to them or even read such meagre reports of their remarks as find their way into our newspapers.

The New Statesman

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

STRANGE SERIES OF EVENTS

How a Stroke of Good Fortune Came to a Restaurant

A GENTLEWOMAN'S DILEMMA

By a Paris Correspondent

Trade has fallen off from the more expensive restaurants in Paris.

Visitors have had less money to spend, for one thing; and many of them have spent most of their time at the Overseas Exhibition in the Bois de Vincennes.

Madame de Tokareff, a Russian gentlewoman, owner and manager of a small but very good restaurant, the Maisonette Russe, was in despair about the situation. Should she change her standards and offer her customers second-rate food, dismiss her good chef and half her musicians, and so bring down her prices, but also her ideals? Or should she shut up shop entirely, turn her staff adrift, and lose the million francs she had invested in the business?

Music the World Should Hear

Seeking light on this, she was seen in church, a neatly-dressed little figure in black, on her knees daily for eighteen days. The unprecedented series of events which began to take place on the nineteenth day is, she believes, a direct answer to prayer.

On the nineteenth evening a customer became enthusiastic over the Russian musicians here, who sing and play the most moving of the old Russian folk-songs with all the wild abandon of the steppes and all the sorrow of exile in their tones. "The whole world should hear this music," said the customer, "not a mere handful of people. Will you permit me to arrange to have it broadcast?"

On September 22 those artists who have played and sung so many evenings to half a dozen people had the inspiration of knowing that their music was on the air for 25 million listeners if they cared to hear. The restaurant was crowded for the occasion; some very great people were there.

A Fairy Godmother

But that was only one thing. One of the musicians, the tenor, suddenly announced his engagement to one of the regular customers; and the lady, it now transpires, is fabulously rich. The manageress is being besieged by other tenors who would like the post this man will vacate, thinking it a stepping-stone to the world of wealth and fashion.

Finally, a fairy godmother came along and asked Madame de Tokareff if she would not like to open a branch in New York. "But I have never been there; how can I tell? I know nothing about it," she said. "Then you shall go," said the fairy godmother, putting a ticket in the lady's pocket for a passage in the Leviathan.

The Secret of Success

Madame de Tokareff deserves her good fortune, for she is one who never spares herself. Work, she says, is the secret of success. After a night at the restaurant she changes her dress and goes to the central markets to select the food for the next day. The merchants all know her and save her their crispest lettuce and their plumpest fowls, calling after her: "Here, little Madame Maisonette, here is what you are looking for, first-class merchandise!"

That is her happiest hour in the day, for it is her only whiff of the country. "The good, earthy smell of the piled-up vegetables in the clear air of dawn does me good after my night's work," she says. "And I love the fine strength and good humour of those carters and vendors at Les Halles; they are a rough lot, but they have hearts of gold, and they are all my friends."

This combination of faith and work and love deserves to succeed; we are glad that it has succeeded.

SOUTH KENSINGTON'S GOOD IDEA

The Children's Gallery WORKING MODELS AND DIORAMAS

London is becoming the Children's Metropolis.

Boys and girls have a theatre of their own; they have their own orchestral concerts and exhibitions; and now a Children's Gallery is to be opened, probably in time for Christmas, at the Science Museum, South Kensington.

Fascinating working models will show us that there are magicians in the world as powerful as any magicians in story. Man has learned to curb the great forces of Nature and transform them into power for his own use. The scale models, each of which can be set working by a child from the outside of the show-case, start with the earliest of man's inventions. An Archimedean screw is shown by which a man is raising water from a stream. Next to this is the model of a dromedary working a chain of pots by means of a revolving pole, an early example of the use of animal power.

The Power of Steam

How our ancestors used water and wind is shown by an early water-mill and a windmill. Models of the early steam engine of Watts and of later types of engines enable us to realise how the power of steam has been brought under the control of man. The conversion of electric power is also demonstrated in the Gallery.

Three other groups of exhibits show man's means of transport through the ages by land and water. A prehistoric man of the Early Stone Age is seen pushing his family across a river on a log, and another man is shown carrying on his back the carcass of a dead pony. Men of the Later Stone Age are next seen drawing a load on a sledge, and transport by water is shown by a dug-out canoe.

Everybody will be thrilled with the Roman scene, with the excellent roads and almost universal use of wheels for transport. The Middle Ages bring us a step back, when we see goods and passengers conveyed by packhorse and pillion. Things became better in the time of Elizabeth, when covered wagons were used and ships were well built, although they were frail indeed for the perilous adventures of that epoch-making age.

King Alfred's Candles

Lighting is one of the most interesting of the exhibits. The different intensities of light are shown, from the Cave Man's fiery brand and the oil-lamp by which Roman soldiers played dice near Hadrian's Wall up to the arc lamp of today. The measuring of time from olden days until now is another exhibit. King Alfred's candles, which, strange to say, are manufactured for sale to this very day, are shown, with water clocks and examples of modern clocks with dials. Another allurement to this Children's Gallery will be tableaux of handicrafts, a potter's workshop, and so on, in which the various processes will be clearly shown. *Pictures on this page*

A LITTLE SHIP FOR SALE

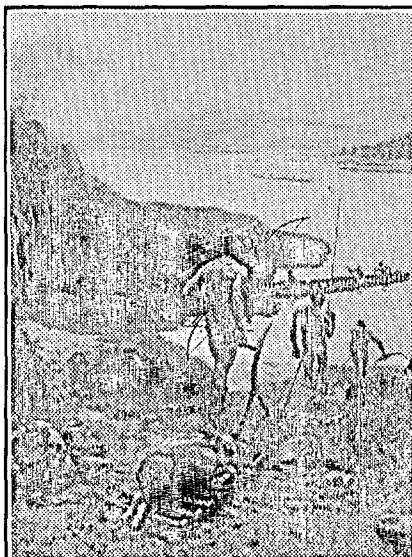
Royal Iris and Royal Daffodil won undying fame in the war, at the Battle of Zeebrugge. They were well known before, for, as Iris and Daffodil, they had carried thousands of people to and fro on the busy River Mersey.

Now Royal Iris has been retired from the service. She has done her duty, no less in peace than in war; for she has carried more than 300 million passengers across the Mersey, all the year round. She is for sale to the highest bidder; and those who may wish to buy her may inspect her in Birkenhead Dock.

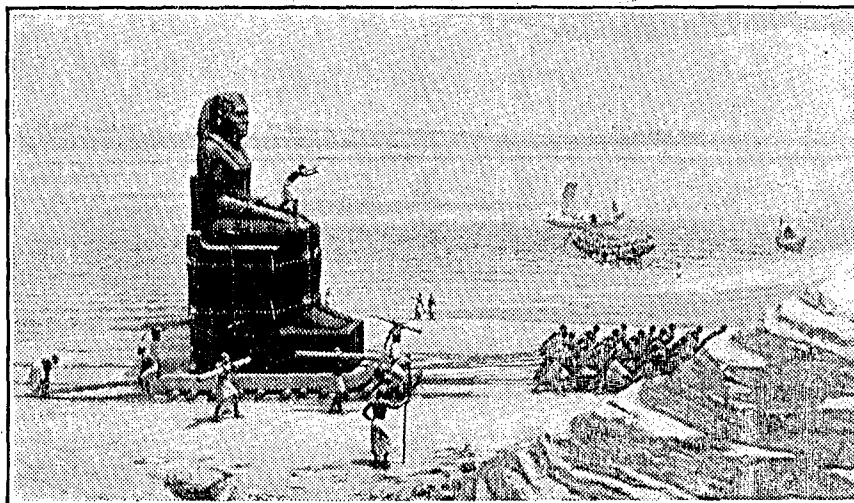
TRANSPORT THROUGH THE AGES



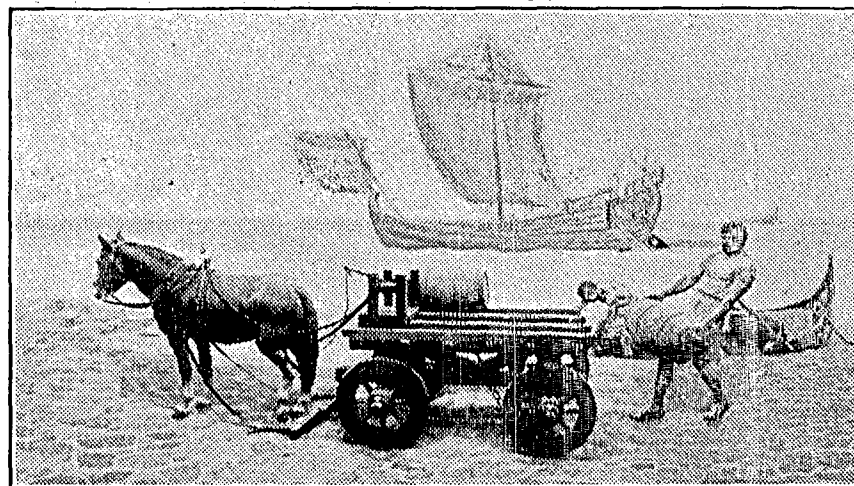
Transport in the Stone Age



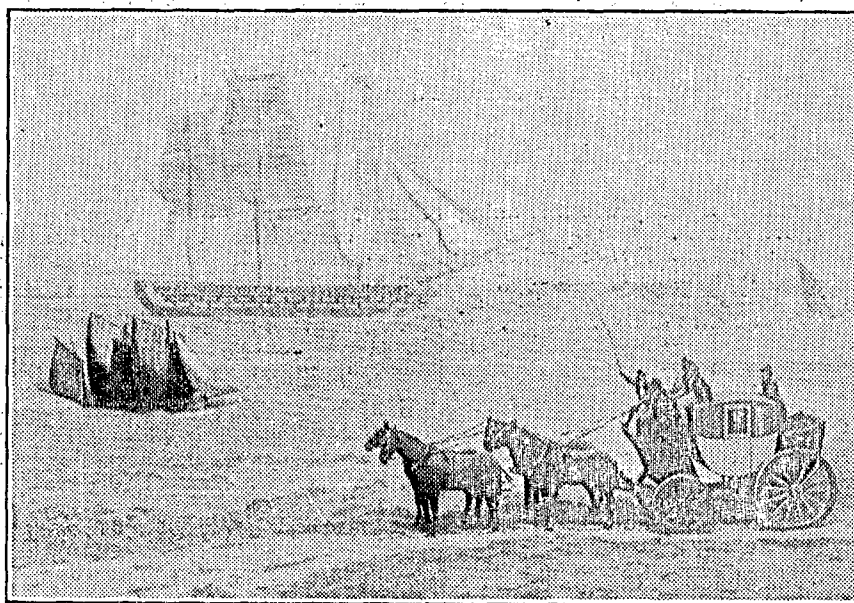
Neolithic Man's sledge and canoe



By the Nile in ancient Egypt



A Roman vehicle and a corn ship



A coach and an East Indian man of the 18th century

The Children's Gallery at the Science Museum, South Kensington, contains a series of models illustrating methods of transport from earliest times. Here we give pictures of some of the scenes which are described in the first column.

BEST PICTURES OF AUSTRALIA

A Friend For the Worst Photographed Continent

The Fifth Continent. By E. O. Hoppé (Simpkin Marshall. 15s).

We should appreciate our great island continent of Australia much more if the photographs of its glories had been made more available.

In the past those responsible for the publicity of the great southern Dominion have failed in a great measure to appeal to the eye with pictures. Of all parts of the British Commonwealth Australia has been so far the worst photographed.

One of our very best London photographers has now done this work in the way it should be done, and has issued his photographs in this handsome volume. The book contains 160 reproductions which Mr Hoppé took during a nine-months tour; they might indeed be a collection from the work of a lifetime.

Wonders Shown by the Camera

He shows the life of the fields, the quaint trees and animals, the quaint aborigines, the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef, and the mountain gorges in the very heart of the land.

Life in the great cities, their buildings, bridges, and engineering works are all seen in those harmonies of light and shade of which the author in earlier books has shown himself a perfect master.

He tells us that he was astonished by the wealth of material and the variety of the phases of life he found in this vast land. He has written a vivid introduction to this book, which proves that he is as capable of expressing pictures in words as on the plates of his camera.

And now, Mr Hoppé, what of New Zealand and South Africa and Canada? Or what of our own Motherland?

THE SOAP CAPITAL

How old is soap?

It has been known for at least 2300 years, and it is even said that it was made by the Phoenicians in 600 B.C. and used by them as an article of barter with the Gauls. Certain it is that the Romans used it, for during the excavations at Pompeii a completely equipped soap factory was found.

So we are told in the Story of Port Sunlight, an admirable book prepared as a souvenir for visitors to the beautiful city in a garden by the Mersey, founded by the late Lord Leverhulme more than 40 years ago. William Hesketh Lever, as he then was, believed that for workers there was more in life than going to and from a factory and looking forward to the week-end to draw wages. He made his belief come true for the thousands of workers at Port Sunlight. The beautiful garden city he founded for his employees in 1888 was originally 32 acres in extent; it now occupies 240 acres, with works adjoining covering 272 acres.

The great business founded by William Hesketh Lever is today really a commercial commonwealth of over 230 associated companies working in all parts of the world, employing 85,000 people, and possessing a capital of no less than seventy million pounds.

THE CAD-PROOF BOX

That most despicable of all thieves, the wretched fellow who robs church offertory boxes, will very soon belong to the bad old days.

In order to confound his knavish tricks heavy steel offertory boxes are now appearing in churches. They are made like small safes and fitted with locks which can be opened only by the vicar and churchwardens.

Some of them are being built right into the walls of churches.

A FACTORY CROSSES ENGLAND

Saving Time by Wise Thinking

Life's machinery is becoming ever more complicated, so that nowadays there is no room for muddlers and untidy people, wasters of time which is money.

By wisely planning out beforehand the vast undertaking of removing their heavy machinery from one end of England to the other the Ford Motor Company has saved whole days and nights.

Only two days, with the intervening night for the journey, have been needed for taking down each unit of machinery at Trafford Park in Manchester and setting it up at Dagenham in Essex.

More than sixty trains, of about fifty wagons each, have carried the plant to Dagenham. But this was only part of the move. The next piece of work to be tackled was the mass transport of the household goods of the members of the staffs, another huge undertaking.

Scientific Organising

Before being taken away every separate unit of machinery was numbered. The same number was written on the truck on which it was to travel and again on the position in the works at Dagenham in which it was to be placed. The result of this scientific organising was that the transfer of one of these trainloads, if not quite as simple as saying one's A B C, was no more difficult than removing a vanload of furniture.

With each numbered unit of machinery travelled a party of picked men who knew exactly what to do when they reached Dagenham, and erected the plant at once in its numbered place without any loss of time.

Economy is to be the keynote of future work at the new factory. Many tests and experiments are being made to avoid all possible wastage in labour and to secure the greatest output.

KILL IT

Sport in Taunton Vale

Into the roads and gardens of the Lambrook housing estate at Taunton burst the Taunton Vale Harriers.

Into the workaday peace of the suburb they brought methods of barbarism at the heels of a terrified hare. Housewives ran from their washing, boys and girls joined in the chase.

Amid tremendous enthusiasm, hunting yells, and horn blowing, the hare was run down in the back garden of a Council house.

It was torn to pieces by the harriers amid a further frenzy of yelling. Bold huntsmen gave the "death cry" in the middle of the main street, and boys and girls looked on.

They, too, had been caught up by this fervour of killing a harmless, helpless, wild creature. They, too, had been encouraged to raise the yell of Kill it! which has ever been the shout of the wild mob since Jerusalem cried Crucify Him!

What a reflection it all is on a humane people!

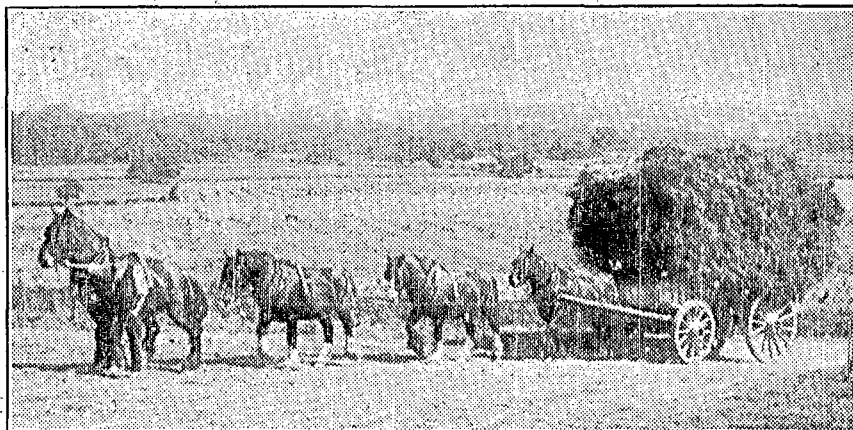
ALAIN OFF ONCE MORE

Alain Gerbault is leaving us again.

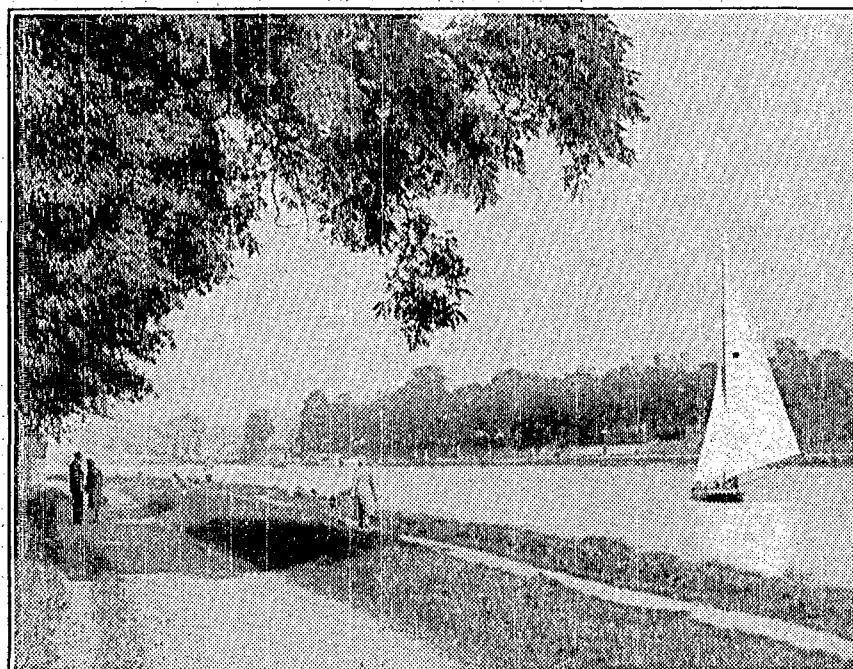
He is taking his new boat to Marseilles and from there will sail into the sunset, setting his course for the Pacific isles of the Marquesas, where spices and the palm trees grow.

May favouring breezes attend him, till they bring him back, as we hope and think they will.

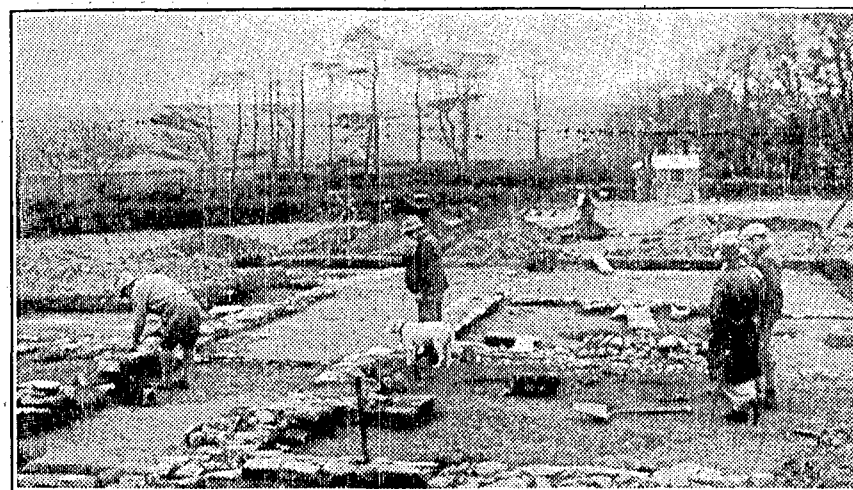
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



Harvest—This beautiful harvest picture from the Weald of Sussex serves to suggest that it would be well for every one of us if in these hard times far more use were made of England's broad acres for the production of food.



Autumn Sunshine—The trees will soon be bare, but on a recent sunny autumn day the photographer found Father Thames looking his best at Kingston.



A Roman House in Cornwall—The remains of a Roman villa have been excavated at Magor Farm near Camborne. The complete lay-out of the house was traced, and masonry and tessellated floors were uncovered. It is the only known Roman structure in Cornwall and it may have been occupied by a Romanised Briton.



Oxen at Work—We expect to see oxen drawing the plough in the East, but not in the English countryside. This team, however, may often be seen on a farm at Cirencester.

SOME ARRIVALS FROM JAVA

BLACK BABOONS AND BIRDS OF PARADISE

The Little Rhea Chicks Who Want To Be Friendly

AND TWO POND BABIES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A number of interesting creatures collected in Java have been added to the menagerie.

The consignment consists of four examples of the babirussa, or deer-hog (a wild hog with curved, horn-like tusks), a pair of black baboons from the Celebes Islands, a marbled cat from Borneo, a giant squirrel and two smooth-pawed otters from Java, and a variety of birds of paradise.

All the newcomers are worth seeing, especially as they happen to be tame enough to be handled by strangers, but the most important of them are the baboons and the babirussas.

Animals Almost Extinct

The black baboons are the first of their kind to be exhibited at the Zoo for many years, for these simians are almost extinct, and are to be found only in one particular area.

The pair are youngsters only six months old, but already they have an air of distinction. They look like young drills; but while these large African baboons are a sooty-grey the black baboons, as their name suggests, are entirely and definitely black. When they grow up their fur will be a glossy jet black, their faces will be deeply furrowed, and their stature and gait will be those of a drill.

The babirussas are just as rare a sight in the menagerie. They are not beautiful creatures, for their grey bodies are practically naked, but they, too, look interesting.

Three-Toed Ostriches

The Zoo has also acquired two rhea chicks, born in this country four months ago.

They are diminutive specimens of the South American, or three-toed, ostrich and should prove attractive additions to the menagerie, for they are inquisitive enough to want to approach visitors and tame enough to respond to friendly overtures.

The adult rhea is not usually a satisfactory pet, for he is liable to take sudden dislikes, when he will charge the object of his displeasure.

Other newcomers are two baby coypus, which are to be seen swimming about the pond with their parents. At one time these amphibious South American rodents bred regularly, but for the last two or three years the coypus have had no young, and so these babies are getting a considerable amount of attention.

THE WORLD CRISIS

American Wages Reduced

The reduction in American wages continues.

That great undertaking the United States Steel Corporation and other American steel concerns with over 250,000 employees are reducing wages by ten per cent. Minor companies are following suit, and in the iron and steel and allied trades probably some million workers will have their wages reduced.

Thus also it is with other metal companies, including copper.

The American Government and the American trade union leaders are alike much disturbed by these reductions, which, they represent, by reducing the spending power of the American people, will still further depress trade and employment.

ONE OF THE BEST IDEAS OF OUR TIME

A RAILWAY REVOLUTION GOING ON

The Big Chance For the Container Scheme

RAPID DEVELOPMENTS

The container system bids fair to revolutionise railway transport work and to prove of the greatest value in domestic and foreign trade. The wonder is that so great an idea has been so long in coming.

The railways of the world have formed an international union, and a competition is about to be held at Venice to decide the best type of container for international use. British types are among those to be tested.

The central idea of the container is that it conveniently holds produce and goods while being transported by railway, and after leaving the railway enabling quantities large and small to be taken directly from producer to consumer without breakage or waste.

Types For Various Uses

The nature of the container may be widely varied to suit different goods, and a large variety of articles have been successfully transported in this way.

Take earthenware and glass. Here are articles which by old-fashioned methods often came to grief. Now the container is packed at the factory, put on rail, and delivered with its contents safe and sound. Recently two containers were loaded with 13,000 glass tumblers and upon delivery only one glass was found to be broken.

Much breakage is averted by the introduction of containers in the brick and tile trade, which is very important in the case of good facing bricks and tiles of quality. The containers are loaded up on the brickfield and transported by rail and road to the building site, saving not only breakage but intermediate handling.

International Trade

For meat and other perishable articles insulated containers are devised. Express meat services are now run through from Southampton to towns within a 60-miles radius. Trainloads of meat, packed in insulated containers, are run daily from London, Liverpool, Hull, and other ports to all parts of the country.

Frozen salmon from Labrador is kept in cold storage at English ports and sent abroad in insulated containers.

There is a growing use of railway containers in international trade. Electrical machinery is dealt with in this way, and fruit and many other things. The fact that the container can be transported as a unit anywhere, whether by rail, road, or ship, facilitates every kind of distribution.

In short, a container is at once a cold storage van, a fruit van, a furniture van, a meat van, a fish van, a brick cart, or whatever else one chooses to make it.

NELSON'S WATCH

A Present From Father Christmas the Second

A watch and chain once used by Nelson are now in the safe keeping of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers.

The watch is of enamelled gold set with pearls and diamonds, and was made in 1791. There is a chatelaine hook bearing the initials J. M. in blue enamel to remind us that the watch was given to the great sailor by Sir Jonathan Miles, Sheriff of London in 1805.

The watch is a birthday gift to the Clockmakers, whose guild is 300 years old this year; and it comes from Lord Wakefield, who has made so many good gifts to the public that London has begun to look upon him as Father Christmas the Second.

BATTLE OF THE KITCHEN

36 GOOD SOLDIERS

Great Contest For a Proud Title Among Women

HUNGARY'S BEST HOUSEKEEPER

By Our Hungary Correspondent

In this age of competitions there is nothing in which people will not try to match their skill or strength or endurance against others.

Some of these contests are useful; some, like the test of the staying powers of dancing couples, merely silly.

A little while ago there was held in Budapest a competition both useful and amusing. The competitors fought for the proud title of the Best Housekeeper in Hungary, and the task set them was to cook the best dinner of three courses in the shortest possible time, at the smallest cost, and with the minimum of heating material.

Watched With Bated Breath

There were numerous preliminary test matches arranged by various women's organisations before the final match, in which the 36 victors in the preliminary matches pitted their strength and skill against each other.

Thirty-six minute kitchens, with gas range, deal table, and utensils all complete, were arranged along the great hall of one of Budapest's Exhibition Buildings, and at a given signal the 36 combatants set furiously to work preparing the prescribed bill of fare, which consisted of mushroom soup, roast veal, and chocolate soufflé.

Knives flashed, spoons rattled, eggshells flew, while 36 gas flames hummed and sang, and a large and select audience watched the proceedings with bated breath and sniffed the savoury fumes which were filling the great hall.

Casualties are an almost inevitable accompaniment of every race, but the young lady who in her haste cut her finger badly while chopping onions refused to let so small a matter impair her pace, and went on stirring the pudding with her free hand while the other was being bound up. Such gallantry deserved success, and one would like to be able to record that the young lady in question came out victor, but it was not so.

Taught by Her Mother

The palm was carried off by another lady, Miss Rose Oravec, who cooked her dinner with 723 litres of gas, costing about a penny, as against the 782 litres of the next competitor, in 36 minutes, and was declared by the jury and such members of the public as were privileged to taste her dishes to have produced the most savoury results.

Questioned by an interviewer she said that she had learned her art from her mother; also that she did not think cooking more womanly than playing golf or driving a car, only it was much better fun.

The best fun of all, no doubt, is to be good all round, and to be no more at a loss if the chauffeur happens to sprain his wrist than if the cook, in a tantrum, goes off without notice.

MINERS WARNED BY A GAS

A novel idea is being tried in the Frood mine, Ontario, where some of the underground workings are ventilated with compressed air.

The air is fed into the mine from the shaft, and an evil-smelling gas, ethyl mercaptan, is to be introduced into the air as a warning of fire, should it occur. Two quart flasks of this compound introduced into the air will reach every part of the mine within ten minutes. Its unpleasant odour is recognised by the workers in an instant.

SOMEBODY'S MONEY-BOX

A Roman Emperor's Joke

THE JEWELLER SHIVERING AT THE CIRCUS

When a man pays for a shilling article with 12 pennies somebody is sure to say:

"Been robbing the child's money-box, haven't you?"

Only children are supposed to collect coins that are neither gold nor silver. Then was it a boy's money-box that they dug up in Tunisia the other day?

It was an earthenware vase holding 800 pieces of bronze money bearing the heads of men who were Emperors of Rome nearly 1700 years ago. There was the usurper Victorinus, who was assassinated; there was gallant Claudius the Second, who died of plague after a two years' reign; and there was Gallienus, who was a wretched creature, but at least made one good joke.

His wife had been cheated by a jeweller, and Gallienus had the man imprisoned till one fine day he was led into the circus.

A Great Laugh

All around him sat the Romans to watch armed gladiators fight wild beasts, as the Spaniards gather to watch a bullfight. But Nero had loosed hungry lions upon unarmed Christians in the circus, and the guilty jeweller thought a similar fate awaited him.

An executioner appeared and walked to the gates every Roman knew, the gates of the wild beasts' den. He opened them, and the shivering jeweller waited for a roar. Out walked a domestic fowl.

A great laugh went up to the sky, and the jeweller was told: "If you deceive others you must expect to be deceived yourself."

It is strange for men today to handle money that was current on the day of that jeweller's ordeal.

The coins seem to be the savings of ten years. It was not a miser's hoard that they dug up the other day, but the store of some poor, thrifty person, perhaps a slave, or perhaps a child.

A BIG MOVE

A move is a big undertaking.

It is a huge task to move everything, from mangles and wardrobes to glasses and nicknacks, from one place to another. But the people who have to do that are lucky compared with the people who have to move a river.

Two years ago someone proposed to move the River Spey a mile, so that its mouth should open into the Moray Firth instead of being at Kingston. This change would be better for fishing, and would lessen the danger of floods, he hoped. People said it was impossible.

But we are told that nothing is impossible, and it seems that those who objected to the scheme have been converted to it, for the work has now begun.

A NEWCOMER IN THE MARKET

We are indeed being encouraged to eat more fruit. We have already all our own English fruits and those of our Empire on our menu.

Growers are not content with these. They are continually experimenting, and often add a new and toothsome hybrid to the list. Last year South African growers crossed a tangerine and a grapefruit, and the result was named tangello.

This year they have produced a mixture of a grapefruit and an orange. The fruit is like a huge orange, is quite seedless, and of an excellent flavour. Up to the present, though it is in Covent Garden, it is nameless.

WAS THERE A WAR?

PROVING IT TO THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Fair Play For Traitors On the Throne and Off

THE CASEMENT CASE

The retirement of a famous detective, Superintendent Edward Parker, of Scotland Yard, has recalled to the public mind one of the strangest occurrences in the long and thrilling career of this distinguished officer.

During the Great War he had to go into the witness-box to prove to the Lord Chief Justice and a jury that a war was actually in progress!

The occasion was the trial, in 1916, of Sir Roger Casement, a brave Irishman who was accused of betraying the country by which he had been trusted and honoured, and who was caught in the attempt to land in Ireland as the agent of Germany, with a German submarine for transport and a German vessel loaded with arms and ammunition as convoy, his alleged plan being to assist a rebellion in Ireland while England was in greatest danger from enemies in Europe and elsewhere.

Prove All Things

The facts seemed beyond dispute, but our law insists on proof in every particular. We all knew the bitter truth that we were at war with the Central Powers, but common knowledge is not evidence according to our legal code. So Detective-Superintendent Parker, who was in the Casement trial, had to swear that a state of war existed.

Without this evidence the court would not have convicted Casement of the high treason with which he was charged. The circumstances are commented upon today as something without precedent and comically original, but it is one of the glories of British justice that it declines to entertain hearsay, even the hearsay of all the world; it bases itself upon the injunction of Paul to "Prove all things."

A King's Trial

The scrupulous fairness extended to Casement had a thousand precedents, and none more notable than that afforded by the trial of Charles the First in 1649. He was charged with having made war on the nation, and of being a "tyrant, traitor, and murderer." Everybody in the civilised world knew that the King had indeed made war on the nation; had there not been an agonising Civil War extending over four years?

Yet, even in those desperately excited days, the tribunal before which he was tried demanded proof of what was common knowledge. Sixteen witnesses were called who swore to seeing the King at various places at the head of Royalist armies, inciting them by word and deed to battle.

There were three such witnesses from London, two each from Nottingham, Shropshire, and Herefordshire, and one from each of the counties of Yorkshire, Denbigh, Monmouth, Rutland, Wiltshire, Northumberland, and Cumberland. Upon their testimony Charles Stuart was convicted and executed.

A SECRET OF THE MENDIP HILLS

The "green hills of Somerset" hide many a secret, and one of these has been discovered by an excavating party from Bristol University.

It was the skeleton of a woman believed to be about 2500 years old, dating back to the Iron Age. It was found in the ditch of a large circular earthwork on the highest part of the Mendips, a place named Gorsey Bigbury.

There lay beside the skeleton four bone points and a flint javelin head, with traces of beautiful workmanship.

THE STARS OF THE RAM IN THE EVENING SKY What We Should See If We Had Two Suns A FAMOUS CONSTELLATION

By the C.N. Astronomer

Aries, the celestial Ram, most famous of all the constellations of the Zodiac, is now high in the heavens.

It is famous as symbolising the Ram whose Golden Fleece the Argonauts set out to find.

Aries was originally the first and leading constellation of the remarkable series through which the Sun passes in the course of the year, but the changing tilt of the Earth's axis has set it back to the second place in the Zodiac.

Its three most important stars alone are of particular interest or prominence. They may be easily identified, with the



The chief stars of Aries, including Musca, the Fly

aid of the star-map, high in the south-east sky in the earlier part of the evening, and due south at midnight, when they are more than two-thirds of the way up from the horizon toward overhead.

Hamal, the leading star of the Ram, is a bright star of second magnitude. It is an immense globe radiating about 60 times more light than our Sun, so were it as near (but 93,000,000 miles away) what an immense area of the sky it would occupy! But Hamal is 4,826,000 times as far away, its light taking, according to measurements made at Mount Wilson Observatory, 76 years to reach us.

Gamma in Aries, also known as Mesarthim, is the faintest of the three, and is remarkable as being composed of two stars, both of which can be easily seen in small telescopes. But of them little is known.

Of very great interest is Beta in Aries, known ages ago as Sheratan; for it is composed of two immense suns at a distance of 50 light-years, that is 3,175,000 times as far as our Sun. They are at an average distance apart of about 28,750,000 miles, almost exactly the distance the planet Mercury is from our Sun when Mercury is at his nearest to him.

The Suns of Beta in Aries

These two great suns revolve round a central point between them, their centre of gravity, in 107 days. This is somewhat slower than Mercury travels, for he takes 88 days to speed over what is really a larger track.

Now, if we imagine another great sun to be part of our Solar System, taking the place of Mercury as a companion of our Sun, we may get some idea of what it would be like, and how far apart they would appear to be as observed from our world, supposing it were possible for the Earth to travel round two such suns in her present orbit.

Sometimes both suns would appear in the sky together, as much as 33 times the width of our Sun apart. Then in about a month the two suns would approach closer and closer until one would pass above the other and perhaps more or less in front of it. Then they would get farther apart again. The average speed at which these suns travel is about 20 miles a second, not much faster than the Earth speeds round the Sun.

G. F. M.

C. L. N. The £ and the Election WHY ARE THESE THINGS?

Number of Members—28,872

The General Secretary of the League of Nations Union sends this letter to all members of the C.L.N.

I wonder whether at your school you talk or think much about the value of the £, about a General Election, and why some want it and others don't, and about the present troubles of other countries besides our own.

The newspapers nowadays are full of these things. (I mean the better sort of papers; the others remain mostly occupied by nastiness and foolishness.) But very few people have any clear idea of what all the bother is about.

I will tell you how it seems to me. The war made people in many countries terribly afraid and suspicious of one another; and that they still are. They even try to avoid trading with one another. So they are nearly all getting poorer every day, and the poorer they get the more frightened and suspicious they become. It looks as if things will go on getting worse until people realise what is the matter. Then I think they will see how to put it right by pulling together for the World instead of pulling in opposite directions for rival countries or rival parties.

Our whole World matters more to each of us than any little bit of it, even our own bit.

That is the great secret.

Very few people know it yet. Most of those who do know are British, and I should not be surprised if the next great service our country renders to the World is to teach it this lesson.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What Causes a Bluebottle to Buzz When Flying?

There has long been a controversy on this subject. The general view is that there are two distinct sounds, one deep and due to the rapid vibration of the wings, the other acute from the vibrations of the walls of the thorax, to which the insect's muscles are attached.

What is the Difference Between a Vicar and a Rector?

A vicar, derived from the Latin *vicarius*, deputy, is an incumbent of a parish who receives only the small tithes; a rector, derived from the Latin for ruler or governor, has charge of a parish and possesses all the tithes, or the great tithes.

What are the Names of Famous Jewels?

Among diamonds, the Great Star of Africa, the larger part of the Cullinan diamond; the Koh-i-Noor, Hope, Braganza, Pitt, and Orlop. Among pearls, the Beresford-Hope and Eglinton black pearls; among rubies, the Carew, Black Prince's, and the great ruby which figured in the Russian regalia.

What Happens to the Compass at the North Pole?

The magnetic poles are not quite the same as the geographical poles; but, assuming no abnormal local disturbance or other temporary change, the compass needle at and very close to the geographical North Pole would occupy a fixed direction relative to the ground underneath. At the North Pole the only possible way to look is South.

THE MALLEE SCRUB The Power of the Wild in Australia INTERFERING WITH NATURE

Australia is very concerned about her mallee scrub.

In that continent of bounteous forest and millions of acres of bush the mallee scrub has been always lightly valued; so much so that, at the best, it has been grubbed up for firewood.

But now that in the north-west of the State of Victoria it has almost disappeared the farmers are beginning to realise the force of the old saying that you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

With the disappearance of the mallee scrub, which bound the soil together and conserved the moisture of falling rain and dew, the desert sand has come back.

The country is now open to attack by the fierce westerly winds.

Nature's Safeguards

Drifting sand in many districts has interfered to a great extent with railway and road traffic; dams and water channels have been filled.

Wheat growing has become impossible in large tracts of country. Whole crops have been destroyed.

In short, Australia is experiencing the danger of interfering too recklessly with the balance which Nature has set up, or of breaking down her safeguards against the encroachments of the wild.

In the Middle Ages the same thing happened in south-western France, where whole provinces were made desert by cutting down the forests. Earlier still, ancient Greece, once covered with trees, was made sterile and poverty-stricken when they were destroyed.

WHO WAS VICTOR HUGO?

Born February 26, 1802. Died May 22, 1885.

His father was a French general in the army of the Empire, and carried his family with him, as far as possible, to the various places in which from time to time he was quartered.

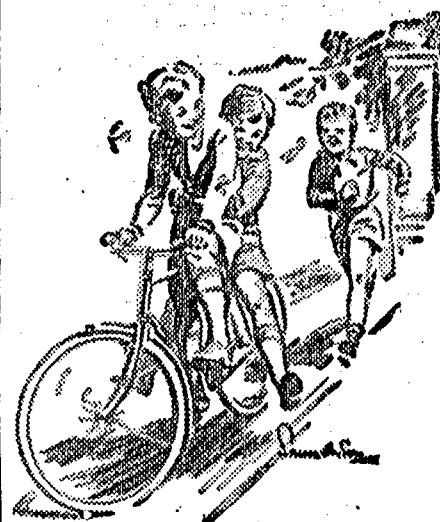
Hugo was a phenomenon as a boy; there can hardly have been another boy like him. Between his thirteenth and sixteenth years he had written every possible kind of verse—odes, satires, epistles, poems, tragedies, elegies, idylls, imitations of Ossian, translations from the classics, romances, fables, stories, epigrams, madrigals, acrostics, charades, enigmas, impromptus, and a comic opera.

Yet this boy was destined by his father for a military career! The Academy withheld the prize he had won for a poem, believing it impossible that the author was only fifteen.

Unbounded Activity

The boy, in this instance, was father of the man. His literary activity was unbounded. He took his share in the public life of France of his day, and helped to administer the affairs of the country. Napoleon fired his imagination, but the small Napoleon the Third filled him with indignation, and France and Belgium became successively impossible for him as places of residence. He retired to Guernsey, where his literary outpourings proceeded unchecked. The fall of the Second Empire recalled him to Paris, where he remained, except for a few brief intervals, for the rest of his life. Paris opened her arms to him and made him a Senator.

Almost to the end of his long life he continued to write, and, though toward the close of his career he fell below the high standard of his earlier work, his record is almost without parallel for variety of theme and treatment, for nobility of aim and beauty of expression. He has been acclaimed the finest purely literary spirit France ever produced.



HÖVIS

is the Bread
for this age
of energy

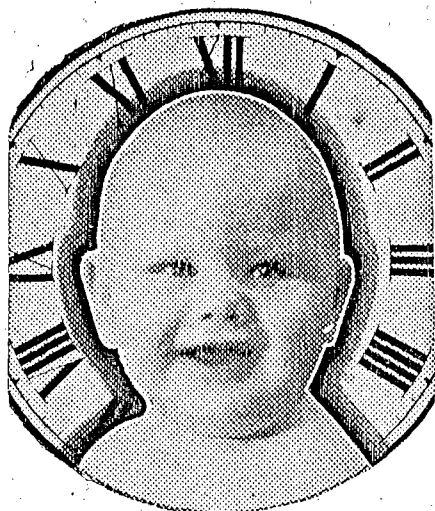
Because its wealth in proteins and Vitamin 'B' ensures correct nutrition and good digestion, fosters growth in the young, repairs muscular tissues in the adult and generates that abounding energy which is essential to success in every phase of modern life; eat

HÖVIS

once a day, every day



Best Bakers Bake it.



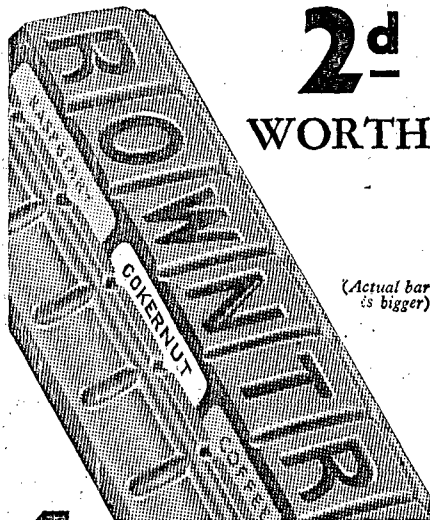
Weaning time is Benger time

When weaning time comes, give Benger's Food during the transition stage from the breast to ordinary food.

BENGER'S Food
for INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.

Benger's Booklet containing a Concise Guide to the rearing of Infants and Dainty Invalid Recipes to relieve the monotony of milk diet for invalids, post free from
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

LOOK!
HERE'S A GOOD
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WORTH



**4 DIFFERENT
FLAVOURS
IN
EACH BAR**

—and you'll like them all!

**ROWNTREE'S
4-CENTRE TABLET**

THE FRENCH PICTURES

Next Year's Exhibition A VERY GOOD IDEA

An exhibition of French Art is to be held in January at the Royal Academy.

Many world-famous paintings are coming from the Louvre, the Luxembourg, French provincial galleries, and private collections. In addition to paintings, drawings, sculpture, tapestries, and objects of art will be shown, all being works of artists who have passed away, and no subject being of a more recent date than 1900.

We shall see, therefore, those pictures which have stood the test of time, and not be worried with the experiments in paint and stone of the ultra-modern schools, however excellent some of that work may be.

Many people, both in London and in our towns and villages beyond its borders, will be anxious to add to their knowledge of the great French painters and their work. A lecture committee at Burlington House is taking steps to meet this need and is organising a group of experts who will give lectures this winter all over England. A list of over a dozen has already been issued, so that societies, heads of schools, and others can get in touch with these lecturers to arrange dates, fees, and so on.

These winter exhibitions at Burlington House are of great educational value, and if schools can have lectures on the subject before visiting the galleries their knowledge and appreciation will be greatly enhanced.

THE OLD STONE'S STORY

A most interesting discovery has been made in the Isle of Man, on the site of an early Christian burial-ground.

It is a black stone five feet long and ten inches wide engraved with figures of animals which are believed to have been carved in the Bronze Age.

Both the Abbé Breuil of Paris and Mr P. M. C. Kermodé, the Curator of the Manx Museum, are convinced of the period, because the work closely resembles Scandinavian rock engravings of the Bronze Age.

But over the pagan artist's work somebody long afterwards cut a cross. It was quite a small plain cross, yet somebody centuries ago hoped it would be enough to turn the bad stone into a good one, one that was fit for use in a Christian burial-ground.

The stone, which is of black slate, has been polished by man, and was handsome enough to tempt the convert to use it. Part of the stone has been hewn away, perhaps because it bore some pagan symbol.

Up till now no Scandinavian work of Bronze Age period had been found in the British Isles.

Altogether the Manx have good reason to be proud of their new treasure.

STAMPING OUT THE LITTER LOU

Scouts and Guides have declared war on the Litter Lou, and they mean to fight with all their might until he is exterminated.

A C.N. reader writes to tell us of the splendid work done by Southbourne Scouts during the summer holidays in their campaign against litter.

All along the shore they put up sacks with notices attractively written on wooden boards:

Put your paper here ; the Scouts will burn it.

And others:

Put your silver paper here ; the Scouts will take it to the hospital.

The plan worked out well and the beach was kept beautifully clean.

Scouts and Guides please copy wherever the Litter Lou appears.

YOUNG ENGLAND ON OLD DUDSBURY

A Bronze Age Guide Camp

DEFENDERS AGAINST OUR FOES

A pleasant thing has just happened to a very old corner of Wessex.

Before the Romans came there was a camp on Dudsbury. Bronze Age Britons built it to defend the ford across the Stour at Longham, and they built it so well that even after 2000 or 3000 years its moat is as good as ever. Many of the chieftains who ruled that camp are buried on the hill.

And now Dudsbury is a camp again. It is going to be a busy hive, not of blue-stained savages, but of blue-uniformed Girl Guides. Lord Wimborne has sold the site at a purely nominal figure, and £1500 is to be spent on making a safe bathing-place on the river and building a kitchen and shelter for bad weather. There is room on Dudsbury for three Guide camps.

It is delightful to think that old Dudsbury is being used once more as its builders meant it to be. Dudsbury was a place of defence against invaders; today we are not threatened by foes armed with spears and poisoned arrows, but by subtler foes spreading gloom and listlessness. The Guides, with their jollity and keenness, are among our best defenders against depression, and on Dudsbury they will learn how to defend our homes against other foes, such as bad health, bad management, and bad cooking. Good luck to Young England on Old Dudsbury.

A PRINCE OF DOGS

And a Coward Among Men

The more I see of some men the better I like my dog. Old saying

Prince, the dog hero of Niagara, who rescued another dog from going over the Falls last February, might have lived for many a long day to wag a responsive tail at his admirers but for an act of human carelessness.

The Juggernaut is no respecter of dogs, even if they are heroes, and the other day this Belgian shepherd dog, famous throughout Canada, was knocked down and killed by a reckless motorist who refused to stop.

We wonder what the cowardly driver would have done if he had been in Prince's place when the dog Prince rescued was making for the Falls. Prince and three canine friends were enjoying a game on the ice when the ice broke away from the shore. Three of the dogs were able to scamper to safety, but the fourth was left on a cake of ice howling with terror, and floating straight for destruction.

Prince leaped into the river, grasped hold of the other dog by the scruff of the neck, and pulled it to safety.

AN EEL'S ADVENTURE

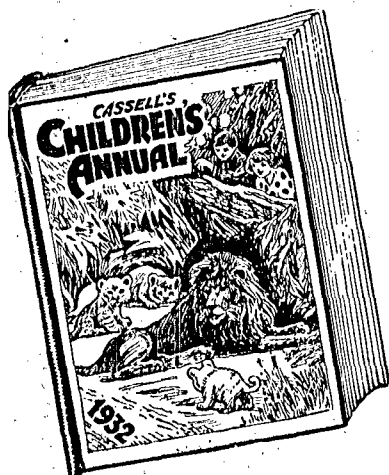
Some 400 people living in Wallsend have just had an annoying adventure.

They turned on the tap, but nothing happened. Throughout the day they went to the sink to see whether the water was on yet. Then they got angry. What right had the officials to cut off the water supply for more than a day?

The officials meekly replied that they had not cut off the supply even for a single minute.

Plumbers were called in and found the main pipe full of eel! A monster some five feet long and four inches round had gone exploring and got stuck in the pipe. The main pipe had to be broken, and the job could not be finished in a day.

The people concerned think that the adventure spirit is all very well in men, but out of place in eels.



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Custard is best

—and it's best with Apples

THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Derek Fair's home is in Bolivia, where his father has a ranch.

While rescuing a drowning Indian named Kespi, Derek and his friend Tod Milligan make an enemy of Carbajal, a rich mine owner.

Carbajal threatens to ruin them. Only a large sum of money can save the situation. This Kespi offers to produce, but it means a long journey into the unknown.

CHAPTER 5

In the Heart of the Hill

MR FAIR took a lot of persuading before he could be induced to give his consent to Kespi's suggestion.

When the boys were beginning to despair it was Tom's father who came to the rescue. A talk with Mr Milligan made him see things in a new light.

"Derek, I have changed my mind," he said. "You can go with Tod."

"Cheers!" said Tod, but Derek caught his father's hand and wrung it.

"Thanks, Dad. And thank you, too, Mr Milligan. Tod, tell Kespi to wait twenty minutes."

He rushed off, but was back in a very short time wearing an old khaki suit with heavy boots and carrying a pack and his rifle. A hug for his mother, a kiss for Nita, then the two boys joined Kespi and hurried away into the night. Three mules were waiting; they swung into the saddles and rode up the trail leading to the north end of the valley.

Here a pass ran curving up the hillside, and hour after hour the surefooted mules carried them up the narrow, winding trail. Within an hour they were glad of their ponchos, and by midnight they were crossing a pass where patches of snow gleamed ghost-like in the gullies. Then at last they were going down again, and dawn found them in another valley, a wild, desolate place ringed by lofty hills. Kespi led them into a gorge where there were water and grass, and there they off-saddled, hobbled the mules and turned them loose, and started breakfast. While the boys cooked on a tiny fire Kespi climbed a cliff.

"The old lad seems to think we may be followed," said Derek.

"If we are he'll spot them before they spot us," Tod answered, as he turned sliced bacon in the sizzling pan. "He's got eyes like a hawk."

"Is it Carbajal?" Derek asked.

"I guess so, if it's anyone."

"But how would that fellow know what we're after?" asked Derek, frowning.

Tod shrugged. "Ask me another! Why, we don't even know ourselves. But don't worry, Derek. Kespi's a wise old chap; he'll bring us through to—wherever we're going."

Tod was right. Travelling by night and camping by day, on the fourth morning after leaving the valley they found themselves in a deep gorge under a lofty limestone cliff. The mules were hidden with even greater care than usual, and Kespi led the boys into a small cave deep in the base of the cliff.

"You no go out," he said. "Stay here all day. Tonight we get gold."

"Get it tonight! Where?" Tod asked.

"I no say. You know plenty time," was the answer; and that was all they could get out of him.

Excited as they were, the long night ride had tired them so that, after a good meal, they were only too glad to roll up in their blankets and sleep. It was dusk when Kespi roused them to say supper was ready.

"You eat good," he said. "Plenty work this night."

"Sounds as if we'd got to dig the stuff," said Tod with a grin, but all the same he followed Kespi's advice and ate a very sound supper. They were eager to go, but Kespi would not let them move until it was dark. Then he went out along and scouted and it was some time before he came back.

"All quiet?" Derek asked.

"I think him quiet," replied the old man gravely. "But you walk soft."

He led them out into the black gloom of the gorge, where a thin cold wind whispered among the rocks. Leaving the mules tethered in a little side canyon, they went up the main cleft which led deep into the heart of the range. On his sandalled feet Kespi moved silent as a cat and the boys, impressed by his caution, went almost as quietly. Now and then the old man stopped and listened.

After about half an hour they turned up a side gorge, a mere cleft hundreds of feet deep and desperately narrow. There was

no wind here and the silence was intense. The rocks almost met overhead, and it was dark as a dungeon. Kespi stopped again.

"You no see any more," he stated.

"See!" repeated Tod. "If you could see the state of my shins you'd realise what a lot of rocks I haven't seen in the last half-mile."

"But now you see nothing," Kespi answered, as he took out a handkerchief and tied it firmly over Tod's eyes. He treated Derek in the same way. It says a lot for the trust the boys had in him that neither made any objection to this treatment. When he was sure they were completely blindfolded he took each by a hand and led them forward.

They stumbled up a rough slope, then by the echo realised that they were inside a cave. Here Kespi stopped and they heard him strike a match and light a lantern. Then they went on again—on and on until it seemed they must be miles within the heart of the hills.

The echoes changed, became softer and more distant, and Derek felt sure that they had come into a wider space. Then at last Kespi stopped.

"You see now," he said simply, and quickly slipped off the blindfolds.

CHAPTER 6

The Big Fish

THE old-fashioned stable lantern which Kespi carried gave enough light to show that they were in a large cave or rock chamber. But next moment the Indian had lighted a torch made of resinous wood, which flared up with a great red flame. Dull yellow reflections came back from all sides, and strange figures seemed to rise out of the ruddy gloom. Derek and Tod stood stock still, staring at such a sight as perhaps the eyes of no white man had ever rested upon before.

All around them, stacked against the sides of a square chamber cut in the living rock, were riches such as they had not believed could exist. Bars of pure gold piled like pigs of iron ore against the walls, great pots and vases of silver and gold, some wonderfully chased and carved, others set with precious stones which glowed like eyes of green and crimson fire.

But the strangest sight was that of the figures ranged around the wall, statues of pure gold, each the size of a twelve-year-old boy and each seated on a golden throne. Their eyes and lips were naturally coloured, giving them a curious and almost terribly life-like appearance.

"The Big Fish!" Tod muttered in an awed voice.

Derek knew what he meant. When the mail-clad Spanish conquerors broke upon Peru and set to wresting its treasures from the great Indian Empire news of their coming was sent by swift runners to the farthest parts of the country, and the priests hastily hid the greater part of their wealth from the invaders. The story was that the most valuable part of these, including the statues of the Inca Emperors, was hidden in a cave near Cuzco, and that a second and almost equally valuable collection had been put underground farther south.

These two hoards, named the Big Fish and the Little Fish, had never been found by the Spaniards, but, so the legend went, the secret of their hiding-places was still known to the direct descendants of the Inca Emperors.

"It's the Big Fish all right," agreed Derek, and turned to Kespi. "Then you—" he began, and stopped short, gazing at the Indian with amazement. For the little, skinny old man had drawn himself up straight as a lance, his sunken eyes glowed, and he held his torch like a sceptre. His whole face and appearance were changed, and for the moment he was a living king among the images of his dead ancestors. He turned and caught Derek's astonished glance.

"Yes, I king," he said with a strange, quiet dignity. "Those"—he pointed to the images—"my fathers."

"And you have trusted us with a sight of these wonders!" Derek answered.

"I trust you, for your hearts are white like your skin. Now you take what you need from my gold. Then we go home."

The practical Derek spoke.

"But see here, Kespi, we three can't begin to carry fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold. And we surely can't get our mules into this place."

A faint smile crossed the old man's face and, laying his hand on Derek's arm, he led him across to one of the huge golden vases and pointed down into it.

Continued on the next page

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Vapex inhaled from your handkerchief clears the breathing passages. It destroys cold germs before they settle in the warm passages of the nose and throat. It fortifies the delicate inner membrane to a greater degree of resistance to disease.

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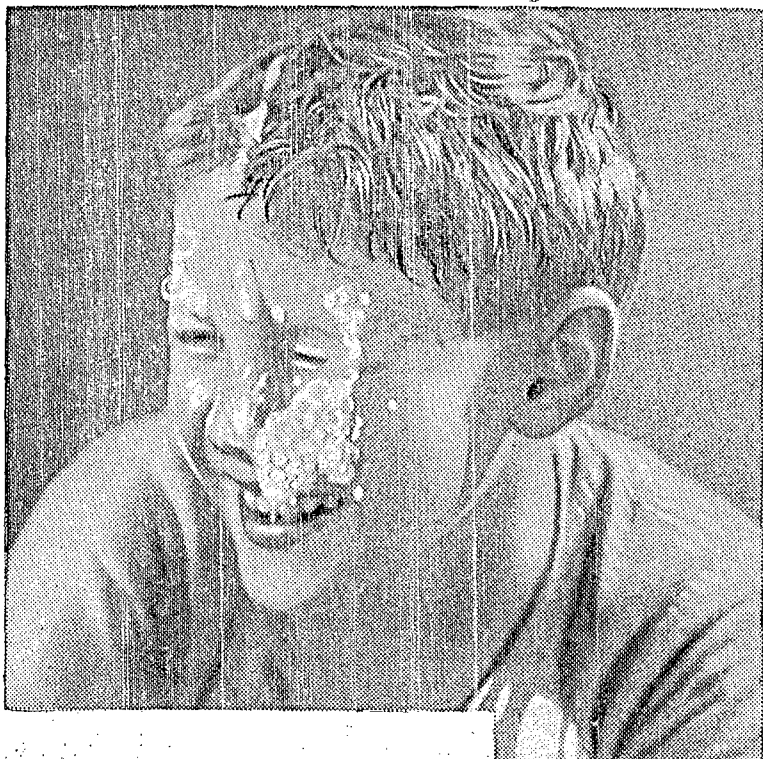
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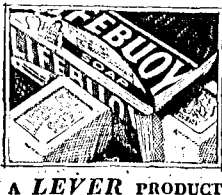


"Chuck it, Bill, you've made me swallow the lather!"

"Do you good," said his older brother. "And next time you cut washing I'll make you swallow the soap. Don't you know a Lifebuoy wash helps to keep you from catching 'flu and things? You'll never get anywhere if you don't wash!"

If results prove anything, Bill ought to know what's good for health and fitness. He never missed a match or practice last term; and that's one of the reasons why he's centre-half and captain of the eleven now.

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Mr. Hayland Hearty says

SHREDDED WHEAT

will keep you FIT

Continued from page 13

"Him good as gold and easy carry," he said simply.

Derek, who had followed, saw there were at least a bushel of emeralds lying within the great cup, some of them the size of walnuts.

"How many should we take?" he asked. "I haven't an idea of their value."

Tod passed one hand over his forehead in a dazed way.

"I say, Derek, is it just a dream out of the Arabian Nights?"

"Dream or not," said Derek, "I'm going to do just what Kespi says, and take enough of these stones to buy off Carbajal. Suppose we say they're worth fifty pounds apiece, then two hundred will do the trick."

"I think him right," agreed Kespi, so Derek counted out two hundred of the lovely stones.

A hundred he put in his own pockets, and the other hundred he gave to Tod. Kespi stepped away to a corner of the room. He came back with two small objects in his hand. "You say Big Fish. Here Little Fish," he said. "For luck," he added, as he handed one to each of the boys.

They were fish carved out of pale green Chinese jade, most exquisitely done. Their eyes were made of pearls and their fins of mother-of-pearl.

"They belong Inca Atahualpa," Kespi told them; "but he leave them behind, and that why Spaniards kill him. You keep them safe, they keep you safe."

He made a queer sign with his fingers, and the boys thanked him gratefully and stowed their treasures in their safest pockets.

The torch was burning low, Kespi knocked out the embers, picked up his lantern and signed to the boys that they were again to be blindfolded.

"I no do this because I not trust you," he said, "but I vow by Manco Ccapac that I never show anyone this road."

As they left the chamber a low, deep boom came throbbing through the stillness.

"What's that?" gasped Derek.

Again came the sound. He counted twelve strokes. Tod spoke.

"If it wasn't clean craziness I'd vow it was a clock striking midnight."

"You right," Kespi answered. "Him clock strike."

"But you don't mean to tell us the Incas had clocks?" cried Tod.

"It clock big church, Cuzco. We underneath," Kespi explained briefly.

"What! Then the story of Dona Maria de Esquivel is true?"

"Him true," Kespi replied. "She marry Don Carlos Inca. He show her gold like I show you. Then she try come here again. She get lost in Chingana. No one ever find her."

"Chingana," repeated Derek. "That means maze. Then how do you find your way, Kespi?"

"I not find, I know way," Kespi answered. "You come now."

In spite of the weight in his pockets Derek's spirits were light as air while he tramped blindfolded through that labyrinth of rock passages.

Long as the journey had been, it seemed hardly any time at all before he felt the fresher air of the gorge blowing in his face and Kespi halted at the mouth of the cave.

"You no move," said the old man in a whisper. "You no speak. Rock he carry noise. I go see."

Slipping off the handkerchiefs which had covered their eyes he glided away, silent as a ghost, and vanished in the gloom of the gorge.

"The old lad's not taking any chances," Tod whispered in Derek's ear.

"Do you blame him?" Derek answered, in an equally low voice.

"I do not. I didn't know there was that much gold in the world."

"And barring Dona Maria, we're the only white folk who've ever seen it," replied Derek.

Just then old Kespi appeared wraith-like out of the gloom.

"I tell you not speak," he hissed, and, low as his voice was, it had anger in it. He caught them each by an arm and drew them sharply back into the cave. The darkness was like pitch, yet he pressed on swiftly until they had rounded two sharp angles. Then he stopped and spoke.

"This very bad," he said. "Men follow us. They wait to catch us."

"Someone after us!" said Tod in a dismayed whisper. "Who is it—Carbajal?"

"I not see. I only hear. But they wait under rocks, and we no pass them."

"Sounds healthy," said Derek grimly.

"And I suppose by this time they've got our mules."

TO BE CONTINUED

FATHER JACKO'S ROSES

FATHER JACKO's roses were always the finest in Monkeyville. And this year the second blooming turned out to be almost as fine as the first.

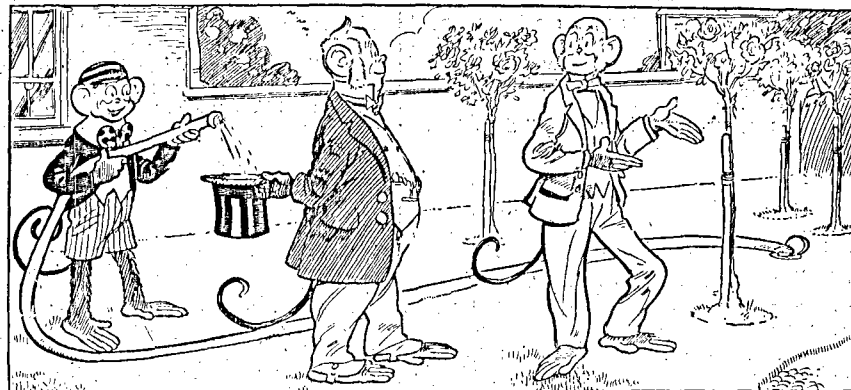
To praise them was to make him happy for the rest of the day.

"Poor old Dad!" said Jacko to his friend Chimp. "He's potty about the garden. When people stop to look over

changed his very grubby collar, strolled out into the garden.

He found Father, looking very pleased and proud, showing the visitor round.

The Mayor was trying to be complimentary. "I'm a bit of a gardener myself," he was saying, "but I confess I can't produce anything as—er—rare as these."



Jacko couldn't resist the temptation

the gate I've seen him hide behind the privet hedge to hear what they say."

And he went off into roars of laughter.

"You took the rose prize at the Flower Show, didn't you?" asked Chimp.

Jacko nodded. "We always do. But they're specially good this year," he added. "And that reminds me, the Mayor's coming to have a look at 'em. I guess I'll go and watch the fun." And off he raced.

His mother was waiting for him on the doorstep. She pounced on him and bade him wash his hands and face and put on a clean collar.

Jacko sped upstairs, grinning, and, having given himself a dry clean and

"Pompous old ass!" muttered Jacko rudely. "And fancy coming in his topper."

It was a very beautiful top-hat he was wearing; and he was dangling it invitingly behind him, like a beggar asking for a copper.

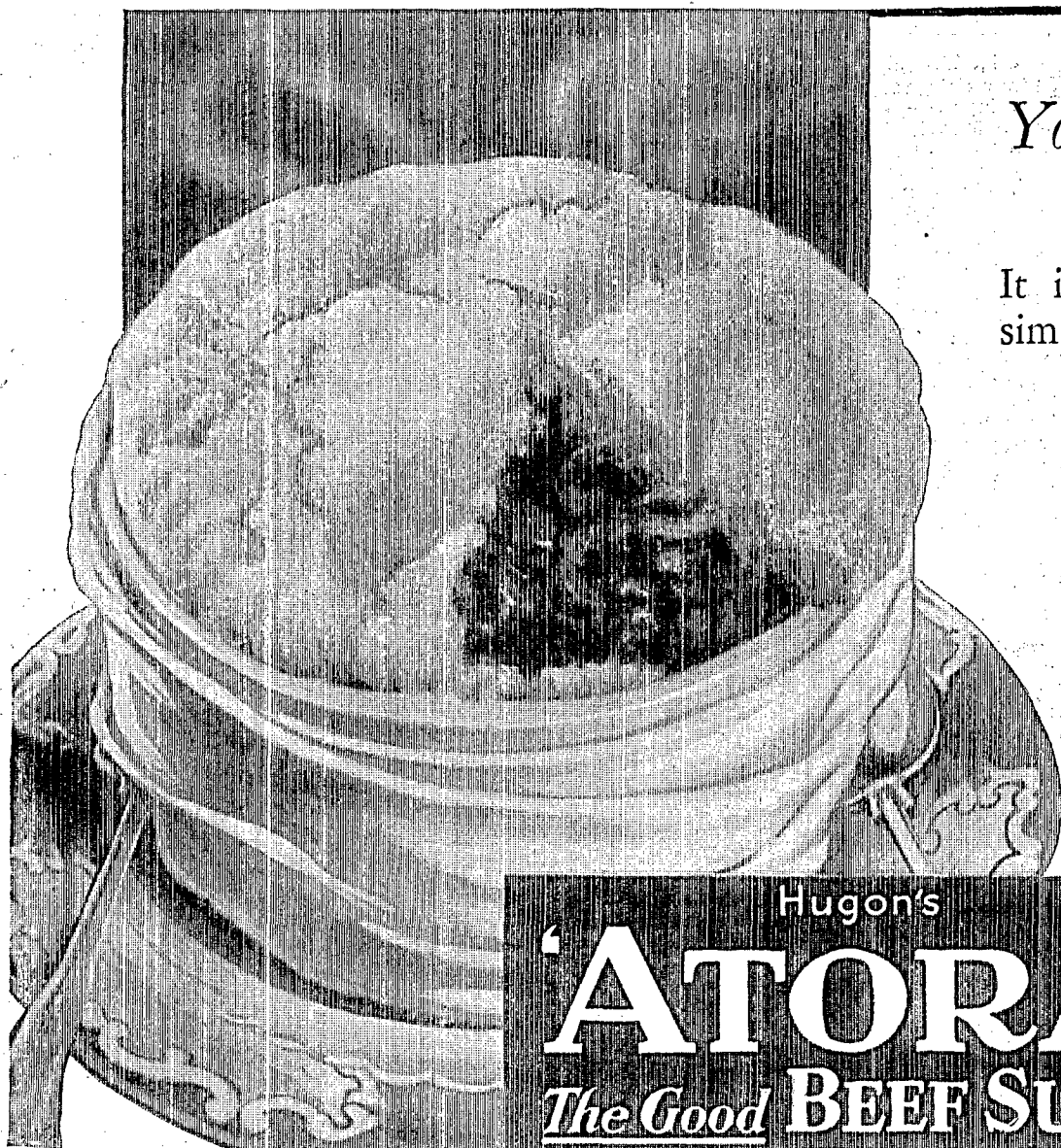
Jacko, who was playing with the hose, couldn't resist the temptation to spray a few drops of water into it.

Just then the great man swung round.

"Well, well," he said, "I'm delighted to have seen them. Your garden is a credit to you, Mr Jacko." And he lifted his hat and placed it carefully on his head.

Then came the deluge!

And after that—some hours after—the cane!



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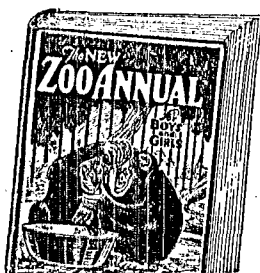
Paste for Pudding. 12 oz. Flour.
6 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Level teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients together and make into a rather stiff paste with water. One lb. steak cut in thin pieces. Four sheep's kidneys or 6-oz. ox kidney, cut up finely. Half a small onion chopped up very finely. Pepper and salt mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Line a greased basin with the suet paste, put in the ingredients in layers, with the seasoning sprinkled between each layer, fill with water, cover with the paste, tie a cloth over and steam for 4 hours. Serve with some thickened gravy. Sufficient for 6 persons.

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MARVELLOUS STAMP CASKET FREE

Everything for Stamp Collectors, including Matlock Tweezers, Kristal-Klear Envelopes, Matlock Mounts, and Rare Horse-Post Persin (Cat. 1/6). The Casket has hinged lid showing in colour the Highest English Precipice—at Matlock, the Home of Philately. It also contains a Watermark Detector and Perforation Gauge. Send 3d. postage, or, including Magnifying Glass, 4d. Ask for Approvals.
VICTOR BANCROFT (Dept. C.H.), Matlock, England.

10 PERSIA FREE

All applicants for my wonderful Approval Sheets and New List, who send 2d. postage, will receive this beautiful Set FREE. It contains 1911 issue young Shah head finely engraved, the 1926 issue, and the superb NEW ISSUE printed in brilliant colours (this Set is usually sold at 1/6). Send addresses of stamp collecting friends and receive an additional set of stamps free.

H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, Barnet.

FREE! 8 German Belgium

This historic set was put on sale for use in the territory of Belgium that was occupied by Germany during the Great War, 1916-18. No collection is complete without these Stamps.

To all Stamp Collectors enclosing 1d. postage (abroad 2d.), I will send this set absolutely free.
G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

"COLUMBUS" PACKET AND STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT FREE!!

Actual contents of this wonderful offer:—Fine Columbus Stamp, Duplicate Stamp Album, 2 Blocks of 4 Large Airmails, 60 Different Stamps, Pocket Case, Perf. Gauge, Packet Stamp Mounts. A beautiful very large Columbus stamp is a real work of art that should be in every collection. This fine offer also includes stamps from Ceylon, Cuba (Gomez), Australasians, Hivatis, Egypt (Fendi), Wallis Isles, N.Z., 25 unused, and many other good varieties. All Free. Just send 2d. for postage and request Approvals.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND (G.N.), Liverpool.

STAMP COLLECTORS COLLECT AIR MAIL

The finest packets obtainable, all genuine Air Stamps 25 all different, post free 8d.; 50 all different, post free 2/6; 100 all different, post free 10/-. LATEST ISSUES: NEW GUINEA. Provisional Air Stamps Set of 3, 1d., 1d., and 2d., obsolete, post free. 8d. **BRITISH GUIANA**. Centenary, set of 4, post free, 10d. A WONDERFUL OFFER. Rare Syrian Air Stamp, beautiful pictorial design, free to applicants for famous WESTMINSTER BLUE BOOK Approvals. Send 2d. postage. **WESTMINSTER STAMP CO., 43, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.**

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Readers interested in the above will be pleased to know that this feature will appear twice monthly in the "Children's Newspaper." The next Stamp Collector's Corner will be published in the issue dated November 7th.

6 MINT BRITISH COLONIALS FREE.

Send a postcard—No cash—for my fine Illustrated Price List (No. 9), containing over 1,200 items—Stamps, Albums, Sets, Packets, Accessories—in fact, EVERYTHING FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR. Prices from 1d. (over 200 sets at 1d. each) to 40/-. SIX MINT BRITISH COLONIALS, one each from ZANZIBAR, KENYA, TURKS & CAICOS Is., MOROCCO AGENCE, SOUDAN and CAYMAN ISLANDS—AND ALL MINT. Ask for the No. 212 Packet.—**EDWARD SANDELL, 10-11, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.**

The Turk Packet FREE.

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,
(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2.

RARE OLD 8d. RHODESIA FREE

(Cat. 4s. 6d.)
to applicants asking for our "Bumper" Approval Books, and sending 1d. for postage. (If you have this there is a choice of 9 other good stamps sent for you to pick from, one FREE, and others at 6d. each, all cat. from 1/6 to 4/6 each.) OTHER SPECIAL BARGAINS: RHODESIA 1896-7, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 8d. and 4/- (cat. 41.5.3), only 2/6. LITHUANIA 1919, 31 dif (cat. 5/5), only 1/3. LIBERIA 1921-3, 19 dif, 1c. to 31 various (cat. 11/4), only 3/6.
HARRY BURGESS & CO., DEPT. C50, NEW MALDEN.

100 All-Different Selected Stamps FREE

to all genuine applicants for the Trade's Cheapest Approvals (from 1d.). Send a p.c. at once—our prices will really stagger you.
BLAKE'S STAMP BUREAU
138, SALISBURY AVENUE,
POST BARKING. FREE SSEX.

* THE BEST STAMP ALBUMS *
* Send us a postal order for any one of the following amounts and we will send you (post free if you live in Great Britain) the best album obtainable anywhere at the price you send—in fact a *
* **STANLEY GIBBONS ALBUM.** *
* Prices: 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 5d., 3s. 5d., 3s. 11d., 5s. 9d., 7s. 3d., 8s. 3d., and upwards. *
* Full lists sent on request. *
* **STANLEY GIBBONS LTD.** *
* Dept. 107, 391 Strand, London, W.C.2 *

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 24, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s)

THE BRAN TUB

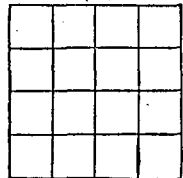
Garage Customers

OF the number of customers that call at a garage during a week half of them come on Saturday. Twice as many call on Monday as on Friday, when there are eight less than on Thursday. During Tuesday and Wednesday together there are 128.

If the garage is closed on Sundays and 800 customers are served in a week how many are served on Fridays? *Answer next week*

A Square of Squares

A boy drew this design on a piece of paper and showed it to his father.



"Can you count the squares?" he asked.

"Sixteen, of course," said Father without thinking.

But his son told him that he was wrong, so Father had to try again. *Answer next week*

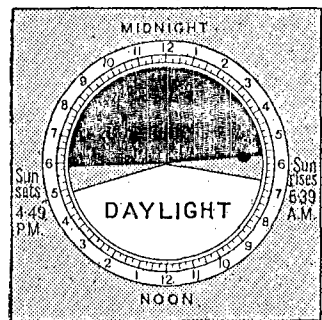
Woodcocks Arrive

WOODCOCKS are now arriving on our coasts to spend the winter. It is said that in a favourable wind they make the journey from the Baltic in a single night.

The woodcock is quite common, but it is shy and feeds at night, so that it is rarely seen—except in a poultryer's shop.

Its plumage is beautifully marked with several shades of brown; and its long, thin bill is well adapted for digging for earthworms, its principal food.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

Catch Question

A boy went into a shop and bought some sweets. He gave the shopkeeper sixpence and received threepence-halfpenny change. How was it paid in two coins? One of them was not a threepennybit. *Answer next week*

Try This
LOOK at these five words, each of five letters:

ACORN
SPITE
SHOES
PANSY
PENAL

Now write the five words one under another in a different order and have reading down in one of the columns the name of a fruit. Then change the order of the words and in another column reading down have the name of a vegetable. Once more rearrange the words and in another column get the name of a flower. *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



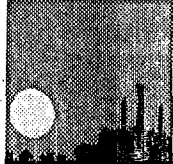
La cheminée La grenouille La fourrure
La fumée sort de cette cheminée.
La grenouille habite les marais.
Elle a une fourrure autour du cou.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to September 26 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1931	1930
London	5082	5360
Glasgow	1685	1676
Manchester	986	1012
Dublin	778	818
Belfast	686	700
Sheffield	628	574
Edinburgh	522	528
Bristol	512	519
Newcastle	437	480
Swansea	241	258
Bournemouth	110	91
Lincoln	81	86

Other Worlds Next Week
IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Uranus is in the South-East, and Jupiter is in the East about midnight. The picture shows the Moon at 7 p.m. on October 28.



A House From a Seed
THE seeds of a variety of Canadian spruce are so small that it would take three hundred thousand of them to weigh a pound, yet from a fully-grown tree it is possible to obtain ten thousand feet of boarding.

A six-roomed house could be built from the timber produced by two average sized trees, and an extra large one might be sufficient in itself to build a small house.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Forming Squares
There were originally 324 boys (18 rows of 18). When the new boy came there were 325 (13 squares of 25).

Picture Puzzle

Fiddle, Reel, Sign, Desk
What Country Is This? Ireland

An Hour-Glass Problem

Never, because each time the glass is turned the sand would require 55 minutes to run right out.

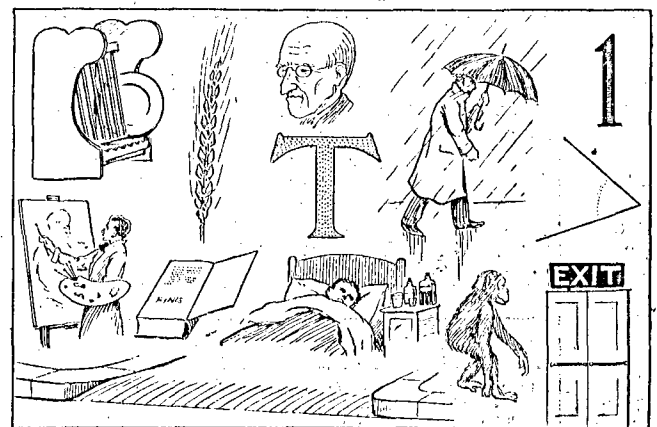
Heads and Tails

Crate, rate, rat, ate, at, a

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

SEA ERUDITE EGG
CAMERATE EASTER
OR ARTS PAST TU
U ASS TART TAP E
TAME SOLAR RIAL
SILVER NOISES
BIT ARE CAT NIB
PAYS ESKER ADAM

A Word-Making Puzzle



FIND the words represented by these drawings. Then prefix them with the letter T, making a new word in each case. *Answer next week*

Dr MERRYMAN

The Latest

BORELEIGH: My car's the latest one out, you know.

Suburbs: Yes; I heard the neighbours complain it wakes them when you put it in the garage.

Loud Speakers

THE young bore was talking again. This time it was about broadcasting.

"And no doubt you like Grand Opera?" he remarked.

"Rather," said his elderly victim. "Especially when it's so loud that I can't hear a lot of foolish conversation going on around me."

A Fruitless Task



PERCY pruned his little tree And left no leaves upon it, And then he went next day to see How many prunes were on it.

The Editor's Regrets

THE poet was soliloquising. "If only I had a fortune I would never write another poem." "I'm sorry I can't provide you with one," replied his editor friend.

Strange But True

THE teacher had been explaining the meaning of the word Coincidence.

"Can anyone tell me of a coincidence?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied one bright lad. "My mother and father were both married on the same day."

A Relief

SOUNDS of singing came from the flat below.

"That girl has a singular kind of voice," commented Mrs De Smythe.

"Hm!" mumbled Mr De Smythe; "jolly good job it isn't plural."

The Bargain

JINKS: It's hard to drive a bargain these days.

Binks: So old Hinks thought when he tried to get home with that £20 car of his.



Scrumptious!

YES, scrumptious!

That's the word for Sharp's "Eaton"

Toffee — so delicious

in flavour that you

could eat piece after

piece and feel that

every little portion

was better than the

last. Made by Sharp's

of Maidstone—a

sufficient guarantee

of perfect purity.

Ed. Sharp & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.

4 ozs. 2d

SHARP'S EATON TOFFEE

When you rub these two together

You will get a lovely lather

It will not be really difficult to cut these

pieces out, fit them together and paste them

on a postcard, although they look rather com-

plexed. When you have done it write your

name and address there, too, and post to the

address given below. By return you will

receive a free sample tube of Kolynos.

Kolynos is just as lathery as soap, only it is

specially made for mouth and teeth and there-

fore has a pleasant taste and a delicious scent.

It foams in your mouth until there is not a spot

left unwashed. Half an inch on a dry brush is

quite enough for a thorough clean twice a day,

so there is no need to be extravagant.

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

Send your postcard to Kolynos (Dept. E 50),

Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. Don't forget

to give your name and address.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

ONE wet day Frances was standing by the nursery fire wondering what to play at, when she heard a tiny mi-ow outside the window. And there on the window-sill was a sweet little kitten looking cold and wet. Frances opened the window and took the little creature in. She played with it by the fire till it was quite dry; then she went downstairs and asked Mary for a little milk. The kitten lapped it up happily and then ran round and round the room.

But when Mummy found the kitten in the nursery next day she told Frances to put it out on the window-sill, so that it could find its way home. Frances put Kits out and the kitten skipped round

the side of the window and disappeared.

But next morning it was back again, asking to be let



Frances took it in

in. Frances took it in joyfully and gave it some more milk in her breakfast saucer. And so Kits used to come

every morning. But Mummy said Frances must only play with it for a little while and then put it out again, because it was not fair to take it away from its owners.

Then one day, when she was going upstairs with the milk, Mummy called her into the drawing-room where Miss Jackson from next-door was sitting having tea.

"Frances, darling," said her mother, "Miss Jackson thinks it must be her kitten that is always coming into the nursery. Is it there now?"

"Yes," said Frances.

"Well, run and fetch it, darling, so that Miss Jackson can take it home with her."

"He must be taught to stay at home," said Miss Jackson. "He is a naughty

KITS FROM NEXT-DOOR

little kitten. I am always missing him now."

Poor Frances came downstairs slowly with Kits in her arms. She kissed him lots of times before she opened the drawing-room door. She was sure he would rather be with her than Miss Jackson.

"Oh!" said Miss Jackson, as Frances brought the kitten to her, "that's not my Cobweb; he's a grey kitten. That is Mrs Wilson's, on the other side of you. I know she has several kittens and wants to get rid of them."

"Oh, Mummy!" cried Frances with shining eyes.

"Well, we must go and see Mrs Wilson," said Mummy.

"Perhaps she will let you keep it."

And of course she did.